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THE INGENUOUS WOBBLER.

A Story, with a Moral for Bachelors.



'**J**E suis mariée, Monsieur.' I bowed to the intelligence, and just lifted my eyebrows to show a proper amount of interest in it. In my own mind I thought it rather strange that she should volunteer such a statement to me, for it was only eleven minutes since I had first seen her, and not seven since I had first spoken to her. But when I looked down upon her slight figure and childish features, and met her fearless open eyes, the perfect

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naïveté and self-unconsciousness with which they encountered mine quite disarmed me.

I had asked her to dance because, at the first glance round the room, I had settled in my own mind that she was the prettiest girl there, not excepting even my regular flame, Jennie Galton. And when for the second time I looked down, I saw that I had but done her justice. Her figure was small, and, if anything, wanted dignity, but it was made up

abundantly by the unstudied grace that shone in every movement of her body. Her walk was a miracle of ease and freedom. Her eyes were of soft velvety black, lustrous, but tender too, and drooping, and when she turned them upon me, which she did frankly every now and then in a kind of youthful wonder, I thought I saw depths of passion in them quite unfathomable. She had a pretty little graceful action of the head, which she moved from side to side, resting it now on one dimpled shoulder, now on the other. Jennie Galton afterwards told me that it was to assist the play of her eyes, and that she hadn't patience with her; but I thought showed a simplicity quite delicious.

'Je suis mariée, Monsieur, et pourtant je n'ai pas encore dix-huit ans.'

This time I did not let slip the opportunity of learning what I could about her, and before the end of the quadrille she had confided to me that she was Parisian; that her husband was in Paris (and here she gave a little sigh); that she was at Dieppe with her mother; that her name was Lucie; that she adored dancing; that one rarely allowed her to enjoy it, because mamma was so difficult, would not permit her to dance with everybody. But though mamma would not permit her to dance with the French she did not know, she would permit it with the English, because she adored them. And did one really sometimes see the sun in England? and did the English always marry for love? (another sigh), and did I admire her coiffure? She had sent away her maid and arranged it herself. Thus she prattled on in her unsophisticated way, with her head going like a dear little shuttle, so that I quite forgot I was engaged for the next dance, and I should probably have remained by her side to the end of the evening but for Marston, who came skating across the waxed floor, and looking all the time (very rudely, as I thought) at the little head, addressed me:—

'I am sent for you. Miss Galton says you are engaged to her for this waltz, and that you mustn't flirt.'

I felt very thankful (I don't know why) that Lucie didn't understand English, and, making my bow, hurried him away lest he should attempt some of his stupid witticisms in her own language.

'Who is she?' he whispered, eagerly.

But I saw Jennie Galton frowning at me for wasting the precious moments of the Faust waltz, and I hastened to make up for lost time by snatching her out of her seat and going off with her on the reverse turn, which I knew Jennie adored, leaving poor Marston in the middle of the room to be tossed about in the raging sea of dancers.

Marston was a thorough Englishman; no one could look at his florid complexion and fair curly hair and doubt it. As a man of the world he was too young and too untravellered to be very excellent; but as an animal he was really perfect. Not over tall, but splendidly proportioned was he, with limbs like an athlete, and a waist like a woman's. His face, without being strikingly handsome, was noble, and reflected instantly every change of his feelings. He was an adept in all games requiring skill and courage, and although only in his first year at Oxford, was counted the best tennis-player in the University. He could swim by the hour and dive by the minute, rode like an Australian cattle-driver, skated like a Dutchman, danced like a Frenchman, and led *côtillons* for half London.

As soon as the waltz was over he attacked me again.

'Who is she? who is she?'

The fair Jennie laughed. 'It is too bad of you, Mr. Marston,' she said, 'to want to snatch away his last conquest.'

I laughed too. The shot had missed its mark; in fact, the delicious waltz had driven all else than Jennie out of my head.

'Besides,' she continued, 'you can introduce yourself; you know it is the fashion here. There, they have begun a *schottische*.'

Two minutes after Marston was whirling round with Lucie like a

tornado, almost carrying her through the crowd of dancers, while she, as a good dancer should, had abandoned herself wholly to him, and lay in his arms almost as in a trance. Yet the little head was in great movement, now resting voluptuously on his shoulder, now nestling in his shirt-front, and he all the time blushing like a girl.

'Look at your friend,' whispered Jennie, when she saw that I was looking at him, 'and take care of him. She's very pretty, but I don't like the way she moves her head and turns up her eyes.'

'Ah, I dare say. I think it charming; so naïve and simple.'

'Yes, so innocent, isn't it? My brother Harry calls her the "Ingenious Wobbler."'

Now I knew that Jenny's brother was himself smitten by the beautiful Parisian, and I moreover knew that he hadn't two ideas of his own to put together; so I came to the conclusion that the nickname was Jennie's own invention. 'Like all the women,' I said to myself, 'can't help disparaging any rival attraction.' But she was unfortunate in her criticism, for she had selected the very little innocent ways that had most pleased me.

For the rest of the evening Marston scarcely quitted his new acquaintance. When I left the ball he was dancing a *côtillon* with her that promised to be endless, and the music of which, coming up by fits and starts through the open window of my bedroom, which looked out on the place, lulled me to sleep, and made me dream that I was condemned to play the Faust waltz on the trombone for ever and ever, while Jennie and Marston, dressed as Marguerite and Mephistophiles, danced it round me.

The next morning I was walking home after my bath, when I suddenly came upon Marston. He was standing before a placard pretending to be deeply interested in the offer therein made of a reward of an astounding sum (in francs) for the apprehension of one 'Caboche, forçat, évadé et escroc.' Not that he was reading it through, for his face was turned down the street, and he

seemed to be looking at the *Hôtel de l'Europe*.

When I took his arm, he turned sharply and blushed (it was the second time I had witnessed that phenomenon).

'Don't laugh at me, old fellow,' he stammered. 'I know I'm a fool, but I can't help it; I've been looking at those dirty windows for the last hour, just to catch a glimpse of her.'

Without inquiring nicely who 'her' might be, I compassionately treated the subject generally. 'You don't suppose,' I said, 'that she'd be up yet, do you? Depend upon it she's just going off into her second sleep.'

At that moment two people turned the corner of the street in earnest conversation. One of them was the Parisian herself. I could not help smiling. Not so Marston. He started, bowed to the lady, in some confusion, and instantly fixed a dark glance upon her companion. Frenchmen, be it said parenthetically, always run extremes as to size: they are either gigantic or microscopic—shrimps or elephants; and the specimen who now so suddenly loomed before us was one of the largest I ever saw. He was not prepossessing either; and, when once one had got over the surprise at his huge proportions, his eyes seemed to be the most noticeable feature about him. They seemed to have usurped to themselves all the movement of which he was capable, and to make up by their restlessness for the unwieldiness of the body to which they belonged. They had, too, a furtive way of looking only out of their corners, unpleasantly suggestive of a wild beast over a bone. He was a man of surprises. When he returned Marston's salute, bringing his hat quite off his head like a real Frenchman, he disclosed a most astounding head of red hair growing low upon his forehead, and forming a violent contrast with the black, beetling eyebrows it almost overshadowed: altogether not a pleasing physiognomy.

'Her husband!' whispered Marston, between his teeth. 'Hush! what's that?'

'Le bon Dieu se chargera de nous secourir, mon ami.' And with that she gave one little convenient twist of her head, shot a Parthian glance at poor Marston, and disappeared with the red-headed into the hotel.

The next day Marston was very low-spirited; the second day he was worse, and made himself perfectly obnoxious at the *établissement* by devoting himself to a distant and melancholy contemplation of the fair Lucie, to the detriment of all the other beauties. But on the third morning a wonderful change came over him. His countenance not only cleared up from its gloom, but appeared wreathed in smiles. He had long fits of oblivion, apparently ecstatic, and answered absently; while ever and anon he would give a sigh of secret satisfaction. Then he would be jovial; and he even went so far as to make a wretched pun about his being tied to Dieppe like the ebb tide. From that day forth, too, he entirely disappeared from the afternoon concerts; so that Jennie, with much laughing and nodding, professed herself 'quite unable to understand it.'

At length the murder came out. One sultry afternoon the band was floundering through the overture to the '*Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*,' the habitués were chattering through the music, and I was dozing in a corner of the pavilion, and trying to wonder where '*Garbe*' might be, when Marston suddenly stood before me, looking very agitated.

'Come to my hotel, there's a good fellow,' said he. 'I've had such a narrow escape!'

He spoke hurriedly and eagerly; and I followed at once, thinking by the way of the many narrow escapes I had had myself.

This is what had happened: Marston, as the intelligent reader guesses, had been at the *Hôtel de l'Europe* every day. Perhaps the intelligent reader will also have guessed that the husband had returned to Paris. Anyhow, so it was. Thus the fair Lucie was left under the care of her mother, Mde. Chenaille, who had readily welcomed Marston, and encouraged his visits;

though, she said, they must, for form's sake, be discontinued when Jules returned, 'for he was of a jealousy dreadful, and would be furious.'

That afternoon Marston had been sitting with the two ladies as usual. Now Mde. Chenaille was a most industrious personage, and was working an elaborate *prie-dieu* (for the whole family was pious) in parti-coloured worsted, when she suddenly discovered that she had left her green ball of wool up-stairs, and went to find it. This seems to have been an undertaking of some difficulty; for a good half-hour passed and still she had not returned. Meanwhile the young people had very naturally been talking about themselves. Lucie, with many sighs, had confessed that hers had been a '*mariage de convenance*—that—oh, but he must not ask the question—well then, of course she loved her husband—at least she respected him;' that he had 'eaten her fortune,' and was now nearly ruined; that he, upon a recent loss of money on the Bourse, had even insisted upon selling her jewels, which were an heirloom, a sacred legacy from a sainted aunt. And here she could not suppress one little tear, which was the only thing needed to drive poor Marston wild. He used very heated language (fortunately in English, in order to a greater facility), swore she should never be humiliated while he could prevent it, and was in the act of invoking the fires of heaven upon all mercenary minds, when the door suddenly burst open, and the red-haired colossus stood before them. He was positively smoking with rage, and began to utter the most dreadful imprecations before he had even glanced round the room.

Lucie could not resist the shock; she fainted, and would have fallen but for Marston, who caught her, and stood confronting the malignant giant, whose rage at last found words.

'Eh bien, Lucie!' he hissed out—but seeing his wife senseless, he addressed himself to Marston. 'As for you, sir,—and he raised his hand and advanced towards Mar-

ston, who stood holding the lady, and, in a manner, defenceless.

But the peril seemed to revive Lucie. By a supreme effort she aroused herself, and standing before her husband, waved him off with a faint smile.

'How you frighten me, mon ami,' said she.

'Hold your tongue—this individual will render me reason of this.'

'What do mean, mon ami? Monsieur is a—a—'

'Who is he, Madame?'

'Oh you have so upset me. Monsieur is—a—jeweller, from England.'

'Jeweller! Do you take me for an imbecile?'

'You know, my dear, my jewels that I am going to sell. This is the gentleman who buys them.'

The husband's brow—as much of it as there was—partially cleared up.

'But why does he come here?'

'He came—to take them away. You know you wished the affair arranged.'

The brow quite cleared up, and took an air of serenity which made it look uglier than ever. The same movement that unknit his brow from its frown knit his eyes, by way of a smile, which, however, was equally unsuccessful in point of beauty.

'I beg ten thousand pardons. I pray Monsieur to excuse this absurd misconception. If Monsieur would call to-morrow—yes!—good-day!'

Marston stood for a moment lost in admiration at the device, which, as he reflected, was, after all, perfectly harmless. Then recovering himself, he bowed to the giant, and passed out at the door, looking back once as he went, just in time to see Lucie drop into a chair, overcome by the scene she had gone through.

'There,' said he, as he finished his story; 'was ever such devotion?—Was ever such a woman?'

I am afraid I was about to make some remarks disparaging to women in general, where there came a knock at the door.

'Come in,' said he, eagerly. 'A letter perhaps.'

The next moment, the little yel-

low wrinkled face of Mde. Chenaille made its appearance, followed by the little dried-up body thereunto belonging. Her bonnet was awry, so was her shawl, both giving the idea of having been hastily put on; and she entered with an air of great trepidation, which, however, I thought changed to an air of disgust, on seeing me.

'Ah, pardon, Monsieur! but an affair grave—very grave. Can I speak to you in particular?'

'You can speak before my friend—he knows all,' said Marston.

She took another look at me.

'Ah tiens! it was true. It was the gentleman who danced with Lucie. He would sympathize—and he was so young too!'

The last remark sounded somewhat like an observation made to herself. But she continued.

'Monsieur could not figure to himself the scene that had passed. The husband of Lucie, who was of a jealousy—had asked to see her jewels. Lucie had already given them to the jeweller, who had gone to England, and was to send the money to-morrow. She was frightened. She had said that Monsieur was the jeweller—that Monsieur had taken the jewels with him. Then her husband had asked for the price of them, the 10,000f.—cette chère Lucie was interdicted—had fainted away; but she herself, Mde. Chenaille, had fortunately overheard all, and had come to Monsieur, who alone could set it right. It was very easy, very simple, nothing but to lend Lucie the 10,000f. just till the jeweller arrived to-morrow, and in the morning one would return them to him.' And Mde. Chenaille took the pose of a friendly Providence which had found an easy way for him out of all his difficulties.

Marston looked at his watch, rushed to the table, and began to write a cheque.

'There's just time to go to the bank,' said he, 'and get the money before it closes.'

Mde. Chenaille gave one involuntary little start and a nervous clutch at her parasol, neither of which escaped me; although she

recovered herself instantly, and simpered most benignly, on meeting my eyes. 'No harm to try,' I thought. 'Did Madame know the name of the English jeweller?' I asked.

'Yes, certainly. His name was—what—Monsieur Smithth;' and Mde. Chenaille again fell into the pose of the Providence. Marston looked up.

'There are a great many Smiths in England,' said he, smiling.

Mde. Chenaille looked less Providential and more flurried; but I came to the rescue.

'Madame probably means Monsieur John Smith?'

'Yes, yes, she remembered, John Smith.'

'Of London?' (suggestively). Marston began to look puzzled.

'Yes, of London.'

'Then,' I said, 'it is useless for M. Marston to lend Madame the money, for M. John Smith of London is already here. I saw him arrive myself by this afternoon's boat. He is at the Hôtel Bristol.'

'Really! But perhaps he hadn't brought the money,' said Mde. Chenaille, off her guard.

'Oh, but yes,' I replied, 'he had it, for he had told me so.'

'Very lucky you saw him,' said Marston, throwing down his pen.

Strange to say, Mde. Chenaille did not seem to think it so lucky. It may have been imagination, I cannot say; but I am impressed with the conviction that I never in my life beheld such a crestfallen appearance as Mde. de Chenaille then presented.

'Hôtel Bristol, Madame—John Smith,' I repeated, holding the door politely open.

'Merci, Monsieur,' she stammered, and precipitately disappeared downstairs.

I didn't tell Marston what I thought. In fact, I was convinced in my own mind that I had been rather clever, and had done him no small service; but I was content to leave it to time to show it to him. But events succeeded each other rapidly. In five minutes came another knock, and this time there appeared a very small military of-

ficer in full uniform, and of extraordinary fierceness of countenance, and tempered only by a pair of spectacles.

'Monsieur Marston? Oui. Eh bien, he came from the part of Monsieur de Valtran to request that, if Monsieur were the English jeweller he represented himself to be, he would at once return the jewels of Madame de Valtran; if not Monsieur de Valtran would do himself the honour to await Monsieur de Marston in the Forest of Arques to-morrow morning, and would bring a pair of swords, or if Monsieur de Marston preferred, pistols.'

I felt a pang of remorse. Perhaps for the sake of those ten thousand francs he might lose his life, and hastened to reply.

'I do not think, Monsieur, that my friend is forced to accept the challenge from a man who—that is, whose wife—'

And there, I regret to say, I stopped. In fact, it occurred to me while speaking that, after all, I knew nothing. I had suspicions, but they might be quite unfounded. And so I stood in speechless perplexity.

The little officer laughed fiercely. 'Ah! those, English are all like that. They never fight.'

Marston broke in. He was very pale.

'You mistake, sir, we do fight. I shall be at the forest at seven o'clock. There is the door.'

And the little warrior stalked out almost as discomfited as Mde. Chenaille had been.

I am afraid I did not do so much as I ought to have done to dissuade Marston from fighting a duel. I think the prominent feeling in my mind, for the moment, was pleasure at seeing him resent the sneer at our countrymen. And, in fact, I had always professed to respect the much-abused duel as an admirable means of keeping people on their good behaviour. After all, he knew all the stupid old arguments on the subject as well as I did, and I had too often demonstrated (to our mutual satisfaction) that the abolition of single combat had demoralized society, to be very successful as an

opponent of it now. I reflected that he would choose swords, of course. He could fence a little. Indeed in London he was considered a good hand with the foils, for he had naturally a quick eye, and tennis had given him a wrist of iron. His great fault was a want of closeness in his play, a tendency to slash about and parry in large circles, which used to drive our fencing-master, Maurice, wild. 'You think all the time that you play at single-stick,' he used to tell him; and perhaps, the next moment Marston, by mere strength, would twist his foil out of his hand, and leave it dangling by the martingale, which generally provoked the remark: 'He would be strong, that gentleman, if he would only understand the straight line.'

Far into the night we sat and talked, and Marston wrote several letters, in case, as he said, 'anything should happen.' One of them, I noticed, was addressed to Mde. Valtran. That done, I insisted upon his going to bed, and went myself to take a few hours' sleep.

The next morning was damp and chilly, for the summer was well-nigh over, and a fine mist was falling which obscured everything, and gave a melancholy appearance to the scene in unison with my feelings. I dressed and went for Marston, whom I found up and ready.

We had ordered a carriage over-night, and in half an hour found ourselves at the place of meeting.

The red-headed and the little officer were already there, and, judging from the wrecks of cigarettes strewn on the grass, had been for some time.

My experience of duels was derived solely from novels (and most of those French), but acting upon it, I bowed to everybody, and with the officer proceeded to select the ground; for though nothing had been formally said, I, of course, looked upon myself as Marston's second. The grass was very slippery, and, to the astonishment of the adversary, I chose the most slippery piece I could find, but it was advisedly, for I had taken the precaution to make Marston wear a

pair of spiked cricketing boots, and I wished to make the most of them. I had also secured the heaviest pair of duelling swords I could find in the town, and insisted upon their being used in preference to those brought by De Valtran, which, as I expected, proved much lighter. Again, the little officer was astonished, and pointed out to me, what I saw perfectly well, that his swords were the much better balanced pair of the two; but I knew that Marston's strength of wrist would give him an advantage with heavy weapons, and I knew that my duty was to gain for him all the advantages I could.

Meanwhile he himself was walking up and down impatiently. The paleness of the preceding night had quite gone off, and his flushed face wore an expression of eager expectation, just as I had seen him at the University boat-race sitting in the Oxford boat, waiting for the starter's gun. Once only he seemed to wince, and that was when he shook hands with me and said, 'Don't forget my mother, if——' Instead of finishing the sentence, he walked to his place.

The swords were then handed to them, and they were left facing each other. They crossed their weapons; and I noticed with joy that Marston at once made himself master of the line of attack, which was naturally in *carte*. The Frenchman, after playing a bit with his sword, and failing to find an opening, suddenly disengaged and lunged. I felt a cold shudder run through me. But the huge body did not move quite swiftly enough. Marston, quick as lightning, parried the thrust; but, to my horror, with the old wide movement; and when he riposted, it was so unsteadily that his point went over the shoulder of his adversary, who recovered himself the instant after. Then came a pause. De Valtran evidently didn't quite like his opponent, and for some time kept just out of distance and changed and changed his sword, cunningly seeking for an opening. But Marston was too quick—and when he was not too quick was too strong for him, and always

proved to have command of the line of attack. Then De Valtran changed his tactics, and retired a step, giving a pretended opening himself. Marston made an eager movement—and again I shuddered; but he forbore to attack, and still wisely remained on guard. Then the Frenchman began to lose his coolness a little, and advancing, joined his sword quickly, disengaged, and lunged again. Marston stood his ground, but parried, again in the same dangerous way, and threw his point so far out of line that if the Frenchman were only steady he was at his mercy. De Valtran smiled, and made a quick movement: Marston another wild parry. I felt sick, and shut my eyes; when a yell from the Frenchman made me open them again. Marston, in his riposte, had transixed the red-head, and his point appeared at the back of it. De Valtran dropped his sword, and reeled. I ran to support him—but another moment revealed the absurd truth. The Frenchman, as it seemed to me, ran away from his head, while Marston stood confronting him in horror with—a red wig on the point of his sword!!

De Valtran put his hand under his arm and ran about in agony (for Marston, in his wild parry, had slashed him across the fingers as with a whip), and for a moment did not seem to be aware of the full extent of his misfortune. But it was too much for the gravity of the seconds, who I suppose ought to have known better. I burst into a loud laugh, and the little captain lay down (in his spectacles) under a tree and gave way to convulsions, which had the effect of doubling him up like a hedgehog.

A glance showed the giant how matters stood. He turned literally green with rage, and with one howl, rushed at Marston, who had scarcely recovered from his astonishment, but who mechanically stepped aside. Then gathering himself up with difficulty on the slippery grass, the giant rushed again at him; but this time Marston was prepared. He steadied himself on his legs, dropped his sword, and received him with a blow from the shoulder which in an in-

stant stretched him on the grass: so effective was the 'facer,' that he lay stunned and motionless.

Everybody was taken by surprise at this unexpected termination to the duel; and we were debating what to do, when suddenly voices were heard.

'Les gendarmes! Come, gentlemen, come; leave him to explain himself,' said the little officer; and before we had quite realized the situation, we were in the carriage, galloping at a furious rate back to Dieppe.

Once at home and alone, there came a reaction. Marston, whose English respect for law had been asleep, began to see his conduct in a different light; and even talked of informing the authorities of what had taken place. I proposed that we should go and confidentially state the case to our friend M. Boucher, the juge d'instruction for Dieppe. No sooner said than done; and we at once set out with that intention.

The first person we met was M. Boucher himself.

'Bon jour, gentlemen!' he said. 'Cannot speak to you: I am in a great hurry. We have just captured the celebrated Caboche.'

'Caboche!' said I. 'Where?'

'In the forest of Arques. He was found lying, stunned, with his disguise—a red wig—by his side. Probably, had attempted to rob some stout French peasant, and got the worst of it. He says himself that he had fought a duel with an Englishman; but of course we don't believe that.'

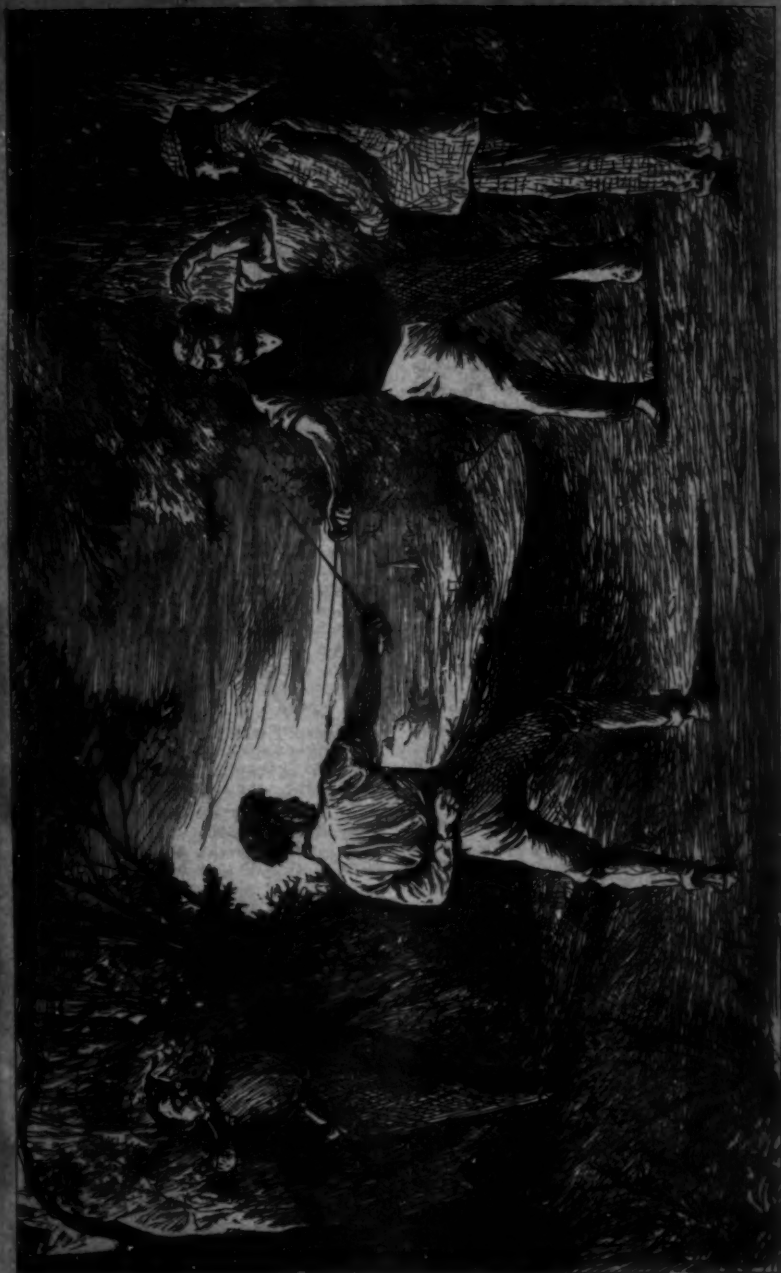
Marston turned pale. 'Come to the Hôtel de l'Europe,' said he.

'I shouldn't advise you to go there,' said Boucher; 'for we have seized Mde. Chenaille, alias Leroux, and Marie, called Caboche, alias La Fileuse, who were Caboche's accomplices, and they are now undergoing their interrogatory there. Bon jour.'

Marston went to England the next day; and Caboche and his friends to the Galleys at Toulon, the next week.



THE DUEL.



THE DUEL.

Drawn by G. du Mezier.

[See "The Impassioned Wobbler"—A Story with a Moral for Bookkeepers."

IN THE WITNESS-BOX.



THE RESPECTABLE MARRIED WITNESS.

I HAVE a theory that a man's fate lies in his natural disposition; not the disposition which he has control over, but a certain secret and unsuspected bent of his mind, which leads him, right or wrong, against his will and against his knowledge. Thus, I believe that the man who never gets on in the world has within him a certain bias towards the wrong side of the road of life. He is like one of those balls used in playing bowls. He is, to all appearance, perfectly round and equally balanced; but, roll him as straight as you will, he invariably inclines to one side. When we see men equal in all other respects—in talent, education, physical strength, and personal appearance—it is, I suspect, this secret bias which makes the difference in their fortunes. One goes straight along the high-road of life to the goal; while the other struggles onward for a while, inclining little by little towards the side, until at last he rolls into the ditch. This bias is placed variously, and disposes the ball to every variety of accident. Thus one becomes rich, another poor; one catches all the diseases that flesh is heir to, another escapes them; one is drowned, another is hanged. I have long entertained the belief that it is a certain and particular kind of person

who catches the small-pox and becomes pitted by it; that it is a particular kind of person who is destined to a wooden leg; that it is a very exceptionable and distinct kind of person who is destined to be murdered: I further believe that, if we could only make a diagnosis of the predisposition of these persons, and ascertain the nature of the bias and its general indications, we should be able to look in a man's face and tell him for a certainty that he will one day have a wooden leg, or that he will be murdered, or that he will be smashed in a railway accident. There are certain things that I am not afraid of, because I feel that they will never happen to me. I feel that I have the bias which will, under certain circumstances, always keep me right side up. There are other things, again, that I am afraid of, because I am not sure how my bias lies with regard to them.

In pursuing this theory, I am disposed to believe that there is a certain kind of men and women whose bias is always rolling them into the witness-box; whose bias first of all rolls them into situations where they see and hear things bearing upon matters which will become the subject of litigation or criminal process. Look at the people whom Mr. Brun-

ton has so happily sketched in illustration of these remarks. There they are, born witnesses; types which we see in the box repeated over and over again, with all the fatuity which leads them into the position of witnesses, and all the attributes which so peculiarly fit them for the operations of counsel, plainly stamped upon their features. They cannot help being witnesses, any more than Dr. 'Walls' bears and lions could help growling and fighting. It is

their nature to. Mark the dull witness. Have you not seen him times out of number? At the police-court in a case of assault and battery—he happened to be in the way at the time, of course: at the inquest—he was passing just at the moment the deceased threw himself from the first-floor window: in the Court of Queen's Bench, on a case of collision, where the defendant is sued for damages on the score of having taken the wrong side of the road.



THE DULL WITNESS.

Of course he gets into the dock instead of the witness-box; of course he stumbles up the steps, and equally of course stumbles down them again. He takes the book in the wrong hand, and when he is told to take it in the other, that hand is sure to be gloved; the court is kept waiting while he divests himself of this article of apparel; and the consciousness of the witness that all eyes are upon him, concentrated in a focal glare of reproof and impatience, only tends to increase and intensify his stupidity. He drops the book; he kisses his thumb—not evasively, for he is incapable of any design whatever; he looks at the judge when he ought to be looking at the counsel, and at the counsel when he ought to be looking at the judge. There is such an utter want of method in the stupidity of this witness that counsel

can make nothing of him. He per-jures himself a dozen times, and with regard to that collision case, gets into such a fog about the rule of the road, that at last he doesn't know his right hand from his left. It is useless for counsel to point with triumph to the inconsistencies of this witness's evidence; for it is obvious to everybody that he is quite incapable of throwing any light on the subject whatever, and that what he says one way or another is of no importance. The examining counsel is only too glad to get rid of such a witness, and very soon tells him to stand down—a command which he obeys by tumbling down and staggering into the body of the court, with a dumb-founded expression quite pitiful to behold.

Now the Confident Witness steps into the box. He is, in his own idea,

prepared for everything. He is prepared for the slips; he is ready at all points for the greasy New Testament. He looks the counsel steadily in the face, as much as to say—'You will not shake my evidence, I

can tell you.' The counsel meets this look with a glance of anticipated triumph. There is a defined position here whose assumption of strength is its greatest weakness. The confident witness has resolved



THE CONFIDENT WITNESS.

to answer yes and no, and not to be tempted into any amplifications which will give the cross-examining counsel an opportunity of badgering him. The counsel can make nothing of him for a while; but at last he goads him into an expression of anger; when, seeing that he is losing his temper, he smiles a galling smile, and says—'No doubt, sir, you think yourself a very clever fellow: don't you now? Answer me, sir.' The confident witness falling into this trap, and thinking 'answer me, sir,' has reference to the question about his cleverness, snaps the counsel up with a retort about being as clever as he is; and immediately the badgering commences.

'How dare you interrupt me, sir? Prevarication won't do here, sir. Remember you are on your oath, sir!' And the indignation of the witness being thus aroused—by, it must be confessed, a most unwarrantable and ungentlemanly course of proceeding—away goes the main-sheet of his confidence, and he is left floundering about without rudder or compass in the raging sea of his

anger. It is now the worthy object of the learned counsel to make him contradict himself, and to exhibit him in the 'eyes of the jury as a person utterly unworthy of belief.

There is a nervous variety of this witness, who is occasionally frightened into doubting his own handwriting. He is positive at first; has no doubt on the point whatever. It is, or it is not. Then he is asked if he made a point of putting a dot over the i in 'Jenkins.' He always made a point of that.

'Do you ever omit the dot?'

'Never.'

'Then be good enough to look at this signature' (counsel gives him a letter, folded up so as to conceal everything but the signature). 'You perceive there is no dot over the i there. Is that your signature?'

'I should say not.'

'You should say not—why? Because there is no dot over the i?'

'Yes; because there is no dot over the i.'

'Now, sir, look at the whole of that letter. Did you write such a letter?'

'Certainly; I did write such a letter.'

'Did you write *that* letter?'

'I—I—'

'Remember, sir, you are on your oath. Is it like your handwriting?'

'It is.'

'Is it like your signature?'

'It is.'

'Is it your signature?'

'It might be.'

'Gentlemen of the jury; after



THE WITNESS WHO IS FRIGHTENED INTO DOUBTING HIS OWN HANDWRITING.

most positively denying that this was his signature, the witness at length admits that it might be. What reliance then can be placed upon the doubts which he expresses with regard to the document upon which this action is based?'

This witness has really no doubts about his handwriting at all, until he is artfully induced to commit himself with regard to the dotting of i's and the crossing of t's.

The deaf witness is not a hopeful subject for counsel to deal with; and when, on entering the box, he settles himself into a leaning posture, with his hand to his ear, the gentlemen in the horsehair wigs will be seen to exchange glances which imply mutual pity for each other. Those glances say plainly enough, 'Here is a deaf old post, who will pretend to be much more deaf than he really is, and will be sure to have the sympathies of the public if we bully him.' The deaf witness, when the counsel begins to ask awkward questions, says 'eh?' to everything; and if he be a knowing witness at

the same time, pretends not to understand, which justifies him in giving stupid and irrelevant answers. As a rule, both sides are not sorry to get rid of a deaf witness; and he is told to stand down in tones of mingled pity and contempt.

The knowing witness, who is not deaf, is a too-clever-by-half gentleman, who soon falls a prey to his overweening opinion of his own sharpness. They are not going to frighten him by asking him to kiss the book. He kisses it with a smack of the lips and a wag of the head, by which he seems to indicate that he is prepared to eat the book if required. Then, after a question or two, when he thinks he is getting the best of it with the lawyers, he winks at the general audience, and so fondly believes he is taking everybody into his confidence, against his cross-examiner. This is the gentleman who is credited with those sharp retorts upon lawyers which we find in jest-books and collections of wit and humour; but I fear he

has little real claim to distinction as a dealer in repartee. Those smart things are 'made up' for him, as

they are made for the wag, and generally for Joseph Miller. The retorts of the knowing witness are



THE DEAF WITNESS.

usually on the simplest principle of *tu quoque*, and as their pith chiefly consists in their rudeness—only counsel are allowed to be rude in

court—they are certain to be checked by the court. The court does not tolerate jokes that are not made by itself.



THE KNOWING WITNESS.

The witness who introduces foreign matter into her evidence is generally of the female gender, and

is a person whose appearance and manner warrant counsel in addressing her as 'my good woman.' She

will declare that she is 'not a good woman,' and secure for that standard witticism the laugh which it never fails to raise, whether spoken irno-

cently or with intent. She deals very much in 'he said' and 'she said,' and of course the counsel doesn't want to know what he said



THE WITNESS WHO INTRODUCES FOREIGN MATTER INTO HER EVIDENCE.

or she said, but what the good woman saw with her own eyes and heard with her own ears. But nothing on earth will induce her to stick to the point; and though she is pulled up again and again, she

still persists in giving all collateral circumstances in minute detail. I should say that when this witness goes to the play, she provides herself with a small bottle of rum and an egg-cup.



THE INTERESTING WITNESS.

The interesting witness is also of the feminine gender—slim, prim,

modest, and demure. She is a young lady of 'prepossessing appearance,'

and notably interesting. The moment she steps into the box and puts up her veil to kiss the book, the gentlemen in the horse-hair wigs fix their eye-glasses and scrutinize her narrowly; and, as the gentlemen of the long robe are proverbially polite, they will be seen, while staring the interesting young lady out of countenance, to nudge each other and pass round pleasant jokes. The interesting young-lady witness is rarely to be met with in the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, or the Exchequer. The place to look for her is the Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, where it is generally the object of the cross-examining counsel to prove that the interesting witness, who has prepossessed every one by her modest demeanour, is no better than she should be. There is possibly no warranty for this course of proceeding; but then the noble practice of the law requires that a bar-

rist shall do the best he can for his client, and that he must not scruple to blacken the character of the innocent, in order to protect from the consequences of his crime one whom he well knows to be guilty.

The interesting female witness is of two kinds. One is what she seems; the other is *not* what she seems. The mock-modest lady usually gives her cross-examiner a good deal of trouble. She is wary; brief in her answers, decisive in her replies; and her habit of dropping her eyes enables her to conceal her emotions. This witness holds out to the last. The other, who is really the interesting, modest, demure, timid creature that she appears, soon betrays herself under a severe cross-examination. Her only weapon of defence rises unbidden from the depths of her wounded feelings, in the shape of a flood of tears.



COX AND FIVE.

The Terrible Adventure in a Railway Carriage of the latter.

'I SAY, Baby, come now, you've had your glass, so don't look anxiously at the bottle; pass it on, and eat as many biscuits as you like; Snipe advises them.'

'Just half a glass more, Tomkins.'

'No, not a drop, Baby, or hanged if I don't tell Snipe. If you don't know how to take care of yourself I must look after you. Come, pass the fruity at once, you silly little thing.'

The 'silly little thing,' commonly known in New College as 'Baby,' was a brawny, sandy-whiskered, good-natured giant, weighing fourteen stone to a pound, who had just gone into training for the University race. Snipe, by mentioning whose name Tomkins had compelled his friend to pass the bottle without filling his glass, was the University coxswain. Having steered the dark blue in two winning races, and having the smallest person in the University, with, without exception, the loudest voice, Snipe was looked upon as a model of what a coxswain should be. It was generally known through the University that Snipe was the only man in Oxford whom the captain ever condescended to consult in the selection of his crew, and that the training of the men was left entirely to his discretion, so his influence among boating men was unbounded.

At the beginning of the week the captain, together with Snipe and Hurdles, the editor of a well-known sporting journal, and an old University oar, had been noticed for more than an hour pacing up and down the pavement outside Exeter. Hurdles had given his opinion that the boat had not enough strength, and that five should be turned out for a heavier man. Several men had been mentioned for the new five. Snipe was for Bowling of Christchurch, but both Hurdles and the captain were inclined to try Baby Smith of New.

'Baby is a fine oar,' said Snipe,

'no doubt, but won't train. Now guess, Hurdles, what that fellow did last May races.'

'Can't guess at all,' said Hurdles, lighting his pipe.

'Well, you know, both of you, I am the last man in the world to hurt a fellow's character, especially an old schoolfellow; but what I am going to say I say for the good of the Varsity. Smith, on the very first day of the race, ate pastry in hall! Ah! and that's not the worst— toasted cheese that fellow had for supper! though the captain of the New College boat besought him, almost on his knees, to have oatmeal porridge instead. Why, I should not have thought worse of him if he had eaten a whole cucumber. My faith in that fellow is shaken, and have I not cause, eh?'

'Certainly, old fellow,' said the captain. 'Still, you know, he might turn over a new leaf. Now he is more likely to be afraid of you than any one else. S'pose now you trot down to New, see him in private, speak solemnly and firmly to him, tell him we will try him for a week, if he promises to train and not make a fool of himself any more. Eh, Hurdles, isn't that our form?'

Hurdles took a long pull at his pipe and nodded oracularly. 'We'll try him, but I have not much faith in a man who eats toasted cheese.'

Snipe started off at once, and found Smith in an arm-chair before the fire reading 'Bell's Life,' with a pewter of beer on the floor beside him. 'Baby,' he said, 'I wish to have a little real serious talk with you.'

The Baby, who had risen from his chair as Snipe entered, looked wonderingly down on the earnest face of the coxswain, in his official blue coat and straw hat, who scarcely reached up to the third button of his waistcoat, which he had taken hold of.

'Well, old fellow, what is it?' he said.

'I say, Baby, how should you

like to take Sniffles' place—five—in the 'Varsity?' said Snipe, with an air of supreme patronage.

'Uncommon,' said Smith, whose chief ambition, lazy fellow as he was, was to earn his dark blue. 'Uncommon, Snipe. Take some beer.'

'My Baby,' said Snipe, reproachfully, 'you must lay aside these weaknesses. Promise me, before I speak more to you, for my time is precious, that you will train.'

'Yes, Snipe, old fellow, of course I'll train.'

'Well then, Baby, no more beer, except a pint at dinner; a mile's run before breakfast; get up at seven; bed at ten; gruel previous; no more getting festive at wines; one glass of fruity, never more unless I see you are getting low, then I may stick it on again. How much do you weigh?'

'Fourteen stone, to a pound. Weighed yesterday.'

'How much last races?'

'Thirteen stone five.'

'Well, then, run two miles every morning instead of one, put a little nitre in your gruel, and we will give you a trial, down at the boats, at two. Try to get down four pounds, then tell me. Come, begin at once. Adieu, mon enfant!'

As Snipe ceased speaking he took the beer and emptied it into the coal-scuttle, and walked across the court to Tomkins' rooms.

'Tomkins,' he said, 'I am going to give Baby Smith a trial; keep your eye on him, and see that he trains.'

Tomkins promised to keep his eye on his old schoolfellow Smith, whom he could remember a little white-haired boy at Winchester, the smallest boy in the school, when he had gained the name of 'Baby,' which, like most names given at Winchester, clung to him for ever after. Tomkins was a man who never undertook a thing without thoroughly doing his duty in it. Being a reading man himself, with no muscles, he took the greatest pride in those of his friend; every morning before seven, Tomkins made his appearance in Smith's rooms, and would not leave them

till he saw him safe out of bed; every night at half-past nine, Tomkins was to be seen in Baby's room hanging over a saucepan, where was simmering the regulation feed of oatmeal porridge; or tenderly plastering up any raw places on the hands, or elsewhere, which the day's row might have caused. The 'Baby' was a sociable, and what was commonly called at New College, rather a festive man, and no exhortations of his friend could induce him to take his glass of wine in private, and leave his corner next the fire at the end of the horseshoe table in the junior Common room, where the men drank their wine after hall. Tomkins, finding that nothing could keep his friend from the society and merriment of the Common room, although he much preferred the quiet of his own rooms to the heavy Carbonel port and noise, sacrificed himself every night, so as to be able to keep his eye on his charge.

The boat had, on the day when the conversation recorded at the commencement of my story took place, gone for its first long row over the entire course, and the Baby was unusually thirsty and inclined to break through the *régime* which Snipe had laid down for the boat.

'Horrid fellow, Snipe, I do think,' said Smith, as he took a biscuit from the dish and munched it moodily, looking wistfully at the glass on the opposite side of the table, which had just been filled by its owner. 'Horrid little fellow; trains too hard; bow got a boil on his thumb. Snipe sees it, tells him to take another glass; "Rather too low," says Snipe, as if he could know you fellows. Wish sometimes I could get a boil. Don't think much of Snipe's training, eh?'

'Good cox'en, very,' said an Exeter man sitting at the end of the table. 'Scarce seven stone, pea coat and all; voice like a brass band; keeps the boat in order, well. How he sat on bow just to-day, for catching that crab; plenty of cheek. Talking about cheek, do you remember Snipe's terrible railway accident, as we used to call it, eh, Tomkins?'

'Just about do remember it,' said Tomkins; 'tell it to Scrimpton; he may not have heard it. Baby, it's your particular story.'

'Well,' said Smith, 'here goes, though telling stories is not training, seeing it makes one so dry. Think I might eat an orange, Tomkins?'

'Yes, Baby, I think you might; not too much sugar, and don't eat any of the peel; here is a ripe one.'

'Give us a catch then; here goes. Well, you know, Scrimpton, and all you other fellows who have not heard me tell the story fifty times before, I consider Snipe went through more in that hour which I am going to tell you about, than most fellows do in a lifetime. I consider a man's feelings looking out of the behind third-class carriage of an excursion train, and seeing the express spurring into it, are not to be compared with Snipe's feelings. Talk about cheek, if ever man required cheek, Snipe did then. Tell me about people being shut up with madmen, boa-constrictors, and bowie-knives in the same compartment, I say their feelings can be nothing to those of Snipe when he was shut up with an old lady and her two daughters for a whole hour, under the following distressing circumstances. Well, you know, Snipe and I are old friends, Winchester men both of us. One whole holiday it was settled that we were to play a cricket match on the Durdurford ground—the College *versus* "Durdurford Duffers."

I was captain of our eleven in those days, and used to keep wickets. Snipe was cover point, and as neat a batter all round as ever we had in my time, though of course he was too short to have much reach. Men used to laugh when Snipe came in, pitched him up slow, not wishing to be hard on the little fellow, as they used to say. This used to rile Snipe a bit. Left-handed corporal in garrison match chaffed Snipe, and gave him a slow; Snipe catches the ball half-volley, hits it back so sharp in the fellow's face, knocks two teeth down his throat; did the same thing in the Eton match once, then followed it up with a sixer

over the pavilion. Well, you know, Durdurford is several stations from Winchester. We got there at ten exactly; when I got on to the platform I counted my men. "One short," said I, "and blest if it is not our cover point, Snipe. Who knows anything of Snipe?"

'No one had seen him get into the train, so I knew he had missed it.'

"Pretty job," said I to the guard, as he came up to me, seeing I had missed something; "I have left my cover point behind."

"Your what, sir?" asked the guard, thinking I meant some sort of carpet bag; "have you looked into the luggage van, and was it directed?"

"No," said I, "it's a friend I have left; it isn't likely he should be in the van. When is the next train from Winchester?"

"Express at 10:30 stops here; come by that, no doubt, sir."

"I hope so," said I, as I watched the train start screaming off again. A drag was waiting at the station to take us and some of the Duffers to the ground, who had come by the same train as we had.

"Harris," I said to our bowler, "you and the other fellows had better go on in the drag, as of course they won't wait. I shall wait for the express, and come on with Snipe. Toss up; if you win, take first innings; go in yourself with Whistles; if they get first innings, say they must wait till we come."

'I watched the fellows drive off, and then walked down into the village, where I engaged a yellow post-chaise to be at the station to meet the express.'

'Never did an hour go slower. I tried to make out a cross-road journey to Birmingham on the bills on the station, read Thorley's advertisement over at least fifty times, looked into the box of yellow grease, and wished it was ice, asked the station master questions about the expense of removing a fictitious horse to London, pretending that I felt the greatest anxiety that he should not catch cold. Then I went and asked the porter to weigh me, and still the time seemed,

with all my varied amusements, as if it would never go.

'But if that hour was terrible to me, how infinitely more so was it to Snipe!

'A new pair of patent-leather boots which he could not force on, had made him too late for the bus. As he was coming up through the Close, some butcher's boy made a remark about his being sixpennorth of ha'pence too short for the bat which he was carrying on his shoulder, and which the pads tied round it made it look larger than it really was. Snipe, the most touchy fellow that ever lived, threw down his bat, and at once attacked the boy, whom he sent howling off with two black eyes in a very short time; but expeditious as he had been, his contest made him just too late; the train was off as he reached the station doors, which were barred against him.

'However, Snipe made himself comfortable at the station, where there was a refreshment room and bottled beer, advantages which the Durford station did not enjoy. When the express came thundering in, Snipe, always a bit of a swell, gets into an empty first-class carriage. After some time, it occurred to him that he would be preventing delay on the ground, if he was to put on his flannel trousers in the train, instead of waiting till he got to the pavilion, which had been his first intention. "Guard," said he, as he showed his ticket, "do you stop anywhere before you get to Durford?" "Yes, sir, at Maldon and Melvin, that is all, though." Now it seems that Snipe fancied Maldon was a station close to Durford; and so believing that there was no hurry, and that the train would not stop for at least half an hour, he set leisurely to work to arrange his cricketing toilet. After having removed his trousers, he proceeded quietly to fold them up. The carpet bag was very small, and Snipe being a neat fellow, tightly tied up the garments he had removed, before he undid the bag.

'Just as he was feeling for the key in his pocket, he became aware that the train was diminishing its speed;

still, he felt so sure that it must be another twenty minutes before Maldon could be reached, that he did not feel uneasy.

'He had searched two pockets in vain for the key, when the fearful fact flashed upon him that the train was actually stopping. The side-pocket of his coat he had not tried; in desperation, he thrust his hand into it, but only succeeded in bringing out with the lining some pennies, which rolled in a vague, irresolute manner, as only pennies can roll, along the floor of the carriage. As he looked up he saw the engine-sheds of Maldon station, and heard the break screaming on the wheels, which had almost ceased to move.

Feeling that it was his only chance, he snatched at the trousers he had just removed, and tried to unfasten them, but the knots were tight, and refused to come undone; before he had unfastened the first, the train stopped. In his horror and desperation—for he declares it amounted to that—he clutched at his travelling rug, and wrapped it round his legs, feeling himself, at least for a time, safe. He was seated on a seat nearest the platform, facing the engine, and so had a view of all the passengers. His spirits began to revive as he saw there were no ladies on the platform, only an old woman and two mechanics, who soon took their seats in a second-class carriage.

'Just as the guard whistled for the engine-driver to start, the door of the booking-office flew open, and a stout elderly lady bearing in her arms a King Charles' spaniel, and followed by her two daughters, bustled on to the platform.

"Now, ma'am, what class?—make haste—the train's off," said the guard.

"First," gasped the old lady. "I've paid for the dog; see, here is the ticket. Come along, girls."

"This way, ladies. No luggage, you say. Now, sir, would you mind moving for the ladies?"

'It was impossible for Snipe to move without betraying his secret. He had not had time even to replace his shoes; and as the stout

lady bustled past him, muttering something to her daughters about real gentlemen being obliging, she trod on his uncovered feet.

'It was as much as poor Snipe could do to conceal a cry of pain. One of the young ladies had noticed him wince as her mother entered, and whispered to her loud enough for him to hear, that she feared the poor young gentleman had something the matter that prevented him from moving.

'The old lady not having yet forgiven Snipe for not rising to allow her to pass, grunted indignantly, and placed the dog on the floor. What should the little beast do but make an incursion under the seat to where Snipe was seated. After having sniffed suspiciously round his feet, making an occasional dash at any place where he detected a portion of his red stockings visible, he turned all his attention to the boots which had been hastily kicked under the seat.

'Snipe says, and I can quite believe him, that he has hated the sight of a King Charles' ever since. Fancy the fellow's feelings when he knew the creature was biting to pieces his new patent leathers, within a few inches of his feet, which he dared not move for fear of the dog laying hold of them, much less attempt to kick him.

'In the course of another half-hour the train stopped at Melvin. Snipe was in hopes that the ladies might be going to get out, as it was evident, from their having no luggage, that they did not intend to go a very long journey. However, when the train stopped they made no move; so Snipe gave himself up to despair, as he knew that in a few minutes he must either get out at Durford, and betray the whole affair, or make up his mind to miss the match and keep in his seat till the ladies got out. When the train stopped, who should he see on the platform but Bunting, who had been in one eleven, and had just left. "Hallo! Snipe, old fellow," he said, referring to the Eton match when Snipe had got out first ball; "and how are you after your sad luck? How was it?"

"A shooter shattered my leg stump," answered Snipe.

'As Snipe said this, the young ladies looked compassionately at him.

"Oh, mamma," the youngest whispered, "how we must have hurt him getting into the carriage; his leg shattered, poor fellow; his leg stumps by a shooter! He must have been shot before. Don't you think it is the brave young officer we read of? Sharpshooters, I dare say. How sad and interesting!"

'Snipe could hear no more, as Bunting, who had gone to speak to a man in the next carriage, returned, and asked him if he expected to meet any one at Durford, as he was so late.

"Baby is sure to be there," he said.

"Eh? if the others go on, trust him not to leave you behind."

"How young he looks to have a baby," whispered one sister to another.

'Just as the train was starting, an excursionist in a white hat and black band round it, who was waiting for the excursion train for the Southampton races, looked into the carriage, and having stared impudently at the ladies, turned to Snipe and asked him how his poor feet were?

"Impudent, unfeeling wretch!" said the youngest lady, no longer able to restrain her feelings, her pretty face flushing with indignation. "Oh, sir! we are so sorry for you; indeed, indeed we are. And oh! why did you not tell us? I know we must have hurt you so, getting into the carriage."

'Then all three began talking at once, apologizing, questioning, and pitying, till Snipe said he could have cried with shame, he felt himself such an impostor. Still, as he said, it put him up to a dodge; for when he reached the station, I found him lying back in apparent exhaustion, with one of the fair ladies holding her scent-bottle to his nose, and the other, with tears running down her pretty cheeks, fanning him with a "Times" newspaper; as the little scamp, to avoid answering the questions which had grown rather searching about his accident, had pretended to faint.

"For heaven's sake, Snipe," I said, opening the door, "what is the matter?"

"Ah, my Baby," he said, pretending to wake up,—"I mean, my dear medical man,"—correcting himself and turning to the ladies, "bend down your ear,—I am too ill to speak almost."

"Thinking the fellow really dying, I bent over him."

"For goodness' sake," he said, "pretend to be my medical man;—carry me out, and keep the cloth tight round me."

"Now, sir," said the guard, "look sharp!"

"Without another word I caught hold of Snipe, and carried him to my yellow fly; but it was not till we were out of the station yard that he seemed to revive, when he said—

"I say, old chap, got an extra pair of flannel trousers, eh? mine are under the seat." Then he told me the whole story; and if that fellow has not got cheek, I don't know who has."

R. P.

THE AMERICAN MARRIAGE MARKET.

MATRIMONIAL advertisements are becoming more and more common in England. One would suppose that they are found to succeed, otherwise their number would not increase as it does. In this, as in so many other respects, the Transatlantics go a head of the old country. Matrimony itself is not so comfortable a thing there as it is here, for the amount of domesticity to be secured by permanent residence in a huge hotel, containing 1000 or 1500 souls, cannot be very great. And if married life be thus wanting in the quiet and repose which constitute its earlier charms with us, the preliminary proceedings are arranged with at least a proportionate disregard for what our old-fashioned people look upon as comfort in such matters. A man who finds himself rich enough to marry will walk out some fine afternoon, and watch the entrance to one of the emporiums of fancy articles for ladies, and when he sees a girl with a face and manner which please him, he enters the store, and frankly tells her the state of the case. If she is already engaged, or does not like his looks, she tells him so, and no harm is done. He either goes away to his dinner with appetite unabated, or he remains on the watch till some more free or more willing maid is found.

But this is rather an exception than the rule, and the columns of the 'daily' are the ordinary road to matrimony for a large class of Americans. Their matrimonial literature, however, will not compare with ours, for it has a smoke-dried absence of romance about it, which is not attractive to an English reader.

It is not always that advertisements succeed. The following is an instance of a contrary result:—

"The middle-aged widower, who advertised three weeks ago, is still a candidate for matrimony. Many letters are miming by not giving explicit and proper directions."

How sad!—is *still* a candidate for matrimony! Did he, perhaps, confess to 'encumbrances' in his previous advertisement, or is it because he is middle-aged and a widower that he has not been appropriated in the course of three whole weeks? And he is evidently such an unsuspecting, simple-minded, trustful man. Some men would have thought that if no letter came, no letters had been written; but not so the middle-aged widower. He, on the contrary, is full of faith. He is sure that many ladies have written; they must have used a wrong address. Is it yet too late for us to point out to the fair sex how invaluable a husband with such ready

explanatory theories would be to ladies who love liberty?

The middle-aged widower does not deserve to be disappointed; but we can scarcely hold the same view of a middle-aged lady's case:—

'A lady, of middle age, with no gentlemen acquaintances, would like to form an acquaintance with a gentleman—from middle-age to sixty—with a view to matrimony.'

Now, in the first place, does this mean that the acquaintanceship is to last from middle-age to sixty, with a view to eventual matrimony? That sort of arrangement would certainly not suit an eager young fellow like the middle-aged widower, whom a delay of even three weeks could drive into that plaintive '*still a candidate*.' But, further than this, the lady makes two capital blunders, which will probably prove fatal to her wishes. She should have represented herself as surrounded by troops of ardent admirers, none of whom quite come up to her ideal standard; and she should have chosen some less offensive phrase than 'from middle-age to sixty,' supposing it to refer to the age of the gentleman, and not to the duration of the courtship. That phrase will infallibly offend all matrimonial men of sixty. We should imagine that the middle-aged widower is very close upon sixty, else he would describe himself as 'in the prime of life,' and yet the wording of the advertisement implies that sixty is old. On the other hand, men from forty to fifty will not allow that they are middle-aged, they leave that for fellows of sixty. A. B. Lenord will thus please no one. She will fall between two stools. We are ready to wager that she does not change her condition unless she changes the terms of her advertisement.

Here is a proposal, whose full beauties do not come out on a mere cursory glance:—

'A gentleman, of medium age, and in a good mercantile business, desires the acquaintance of a lady from twenty-five to forty years of age for a wife. His lady acquaintance in this city very limited is of a retiring, modest, disposition.'

Observe the delicacy of the gentleman of medium age. He does not address himself to principals, but to friends of principals. He wants as a wife the acquaintance of a lady from twenty-five to forty years of age. How old the wished-for wife is to be, he does not say, nor yet why her friend should be from twenty-five to forty years of age. His second sentence, too, is ambiguous. 'His lady acquaintance in this city very limited; is of a retiring, modest disposition.' Possibly this embodies a complaint; and if so, it is unwise, for it casts a reflection upon his readers. It amounts to saying that he cannot get on with the retiring and modest limited ladies, and so seeks for a wife among that opposite class which advertises or answers advertisements.

What does a 'middle-aged gentleman' mean, who 'desires the acquaintance of a poor young lady,' and adds in parenthesis 'an orphan preferred'? Can it be that he objects to the idea of a mother-in-law? or is it that there is something wrong about him, which a natural protector would find out? On the other hand, it may be that he is so deficient in personal attractions—about which very little is said in these advertisements, and as compared with income—that he thinks he will have a better chance with the 'poor and helpless' class. 'A bashful young man' does not look for an orphan; he confesses that 'a pretty foot is his passion,' in connection with 'flaxen hair and blue eyes,' not knowing, perhaps, in his bashfulness that the combination of these three excellences is rare. 'A young soldier' is not so bashful as the 'bashful young man.' He wanders through involved sentences, with much confusion of first and third person, and at last, feeling that he has rather made a mess of it, bursts out, in plain king's English—

'I am quite anxious to marry, if I can find some one suited to my mind, in about one year hence, or at the close of the war if sooner terminated. None but those who are sincerely disposed to look this matter square in the face need reply.'

The military profession brings us

to two advertisements which appear next each other in the columns of an American paper, by that fatality which so much impressed the mind of a well-known character of modern fiction:—

'Three young gentlemen, now serving in the army of the Potomac, whose term of service will shortly expire, are desirous of opening a correspondence with a few young ladies, with a view to matrimony. Address in sincerity, with *carte de visite*, if agreeable, C.E.Z.'

'Three young ladies, with hearts beating responsive to the music of the Union, and deeply interested in the success of our gallant soldiers in their efforts to crush this unholy rebellion, wish to open correspondence with any who lack lady friends at home. We have albums in which to store such photographs as we may receive.'

'With *carte de visite*, if agreeable,' is ambiguous. Is it but to say, in other words, 'if you are ugly, don't send your picture?' But that little difficulty sinks into insignificance in presence of the awful idea what would the ladies have done if they had themselves been four, or the young gentlemen two? How could they ever have decided which of the sisterhood should retire from the competition?

In connection with matrimonial questions, the Transatlantic papers announce the most wonderful feats of clairvoyance and astrology, one lady, however, declaring that 'clairvoyance has nothing to do with astrology, and those professed astrologists who advertise as clairvoyants are arrant impostors,' an opinion we make haste to endorse. Here is a specimen:—

'Astonishing! Madame Morrow, seventh daughter, has foresight to tell how soon and how often you marry, and all you wish to know, even your thoughts, or no pay. 25 cents. Gentlemen not admitted.'

Now, 'gentlemen not admitted' is a libel on the fair sex. It means to say that it won't do to let men into the secrets of the future, which matrimony will reveal. Ladies can be told all about it, but for men—it is a lady's, and what is more, a seventh daughter's opinion—the *disciplina arcana* must be practised. Madame Morrow has a great pull upon other astrologists in this fact, that she is

a seventh daughter; but even here she is cut out by Mad. Johannes (the abbreviation is her own), who is 'the great seventh daughter of a seventh daughter,' while Madame Starr, who cannot command such a weird pedigree, is nothing daunted by the claims of her rivals, and with national briskness opens fire as follows:—

'Caution.—Look out! Good news for all! \$5,000 reward for any one who can equal Madame Starr!'

Let us hope that Madame Starr is clearer in her predictions than in her composition, as witness the following:—

'Drunkenness cared, and numbers free. Ladies, take notice, you that have been deceived by false lovers, you that have been unfortunate in life, call on this great European clairvoyant and astrologist—Mrs. Cora Duval would object to this combination of clairvoyance and astrology—for it is these facts which induce her to say that her equal is not to be found, which is tested by hundreds who daily and eagerly visit her that this is no humbug.'

Look here!—Another lady says, in a somewhat similar strain—Are you in trouble? have you been deceived or trifled with? have your fond hopes been blasted by false promises? If so, go to Madame Ross for advice and satisfaction. Ring—she concludes, with sublime pathos—ring the basement bell.

The frankest lady of all hails from 165, Bowery. Madame Widger, whose surnames does not of itself suggest the Spanish origin she claims, honestly warns people what they are to expect if they go to her with valuable property on their persons:—

'Madame Widger, clairvoyant and gifted Spanish lady, unveils the mysteries of futurity, love, marriage, absent friends, sickness; tells lucky numbers, property lost or stolen.'

If Madame Widger is the frankest, Madame Byron, who honours Paris by coming from that city, is the most unkind of women. She is, of course, 'the greatest wonder in the world,' and probably the greatest nuisance, for her strong point is that she 'restores drunken and unfaithful husbands.' We should have said that the poor wives were much better without them.

LOVE SICKNESS.

(An Irish Malady.)

ME heart's with me Flora, how great is the pleasure
 I feel whin I hear the sweet sound of her neem;
 I'd soon teek a thrip, if I'd money an' leisure,
 To London's great city to see my ould flem.

That dee down at Richmond! I'll never forget it,
 Ah! thin me affecahuns wer' youthfie and green;
 Our gyarmints wer' certainly thoroughly wetted,
 But *she* was the fairest I ever had seen.

Such throifles as reen an' wet clothes he who wise is
 Neglects when the part of a shuthor he'd play,
 He well knows that Kyoopid *all* gyarmints dispoises,
 And Vanus looks fairest just out o' the say.

Though the damp rather dims a young leedy's complexahun,
 And rooins a best three-an'-tinpenny glov,
 Can umbrellas ibscure the brougnt glance ov affecahun,
 Or showers o' reen damp the ardour ov lov?

The 'Star and the Gyarther,' that hall o' symphozhia,
 A refyidge afforded us all from the reen;
 We ate our sawgrah as it had been ambrozhia,
 An' quaffed the brougnt necthar ov sparklin' champeen.

The next time we meet, be it sunshine or torrence,
 The question I'll pop while iscartin' her home;
 Next winther, she tould me, she's goin' to Florence,
 Who knows but she'd, maybe, go over to Rome!

Temple, 1865.

T. W. S.



THE MORALITY OF CARD-PLAYING.

By 'CAVENDISH,'

AUTHOR OF 'THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF WHIST.'

CARD-PLAYING is associated in the minds of many excellent people with all kinds of wickedness. Gambling, cheating, quarrelling, swearing, and many other vicious doings are unsparingly attributed to the card-table. To our thinking, cards, properly used, are harmless instruments of social relaxation. It is no argument for our refraining from playing with cards that *others* have made a bad use of them. As well might we all turn teetotallers, because many people have suffered from *delirium tremens*. We believe that the unsatisfactory associations connected with card-playing have arisen solely from the abuse of cards, and not from any evil qualities necessarily inherent in them.

Before we proceed to our own views on the question of the morality of card-playing, we will briefly examine the ideas of some other writers who have recorded their opinions on this subject. Many authors—some of eminent virtue and piety—have come to the conclusion that cards may be played for amusement, and even for moderate stakes, without any sacrifice of expediency.

In the reign of James I. a singular theological controversy arose regarding the lawfulness of deciding matters by lot and of playing at games of chance. The most celebrated of the disputants was a bachelor of divinity, named Thomas Gataker. He wrote a treatise 'On the Nature and Use of Lots, 1619.' Gataker argues that games of chance are nowhere forbidden in the Scriptures; and he contends that they are not evil of themselves, though admitting that they are liable to great abuse. This abuse he earnestly condemns; but he denies that it is a necessary consequence of the admission of lots or chance into games and amusements.

Jean Barbeyrac, in his 'Traité du Jeu, 1710,' comes to the conclusion that games of chance are not im-

moral, whether the stakes are small or great! He states, that though man was not sent into the world to pass his whole time in merry-making, yet it was not intended that he should labour incessantly. He must take recreation in order to make progress with his work. Rest is the seasoning of labour; and man ought to combine the two, taking as his guide Nature, who marks the hours of labour and repose by alternations of light and darkness. Barbeyrac continues, 'There are, however, people who unreasonably suppose that use and abuse cannot be separated. They form a mystical notion of virtue and piety, and would persuade us that all diversions are unworthy of reasonable beings. . . . Such persons aspire to a state of perfection which is beyond the reach of human nature. . . . I maintain that, for the sake of relaxation, any amusements which are free from vice may be indulged in. This being admitted, if a person finds pleasure in playing at billiards, tennis, chess, cards, backgammon, and even dice, why may he not amuse himself with them as well as in promenading, with music, in the chase, in fishing, in drawing, and in a thousand similar ways? The question then remains, "Do you approve of playing for a stake?" If there is no stake, there is certainly no semblance of criminality; and if there is a stake, I do not see why there should be any evil in it, if we look at the matter in a proper light.' The light in which Barbeyrac looks at playing for money is, however, not defensible. He says that play is a sort of contract, and that a man has a right to make a contract to dispose of his property as he pleases. But Barbeyrac is mistaken; a man has not that right. Suppose, for instance, that one wealthy fool loses to another the whole of his property, the contract between them being that he was to be the winner who should stand the longest on one leg.

The law would not enforce the contract, and very properly so; for to hold the loser to the original bargain would cause a greater injury to society than allowing him to repudiate it.

Jeremy Taylor says that many fierce declamations have been uttered against cards and dice, but they are only applicable when our sports come to excess. Then we spoil the sport; it is no longer a recreation but a sin. With respect to playing for money he observes, 'When money is at stake, either the sum is trifling, or it is considerable. If trifling, it can be of no purpose, unless to serve the ends of some little entertainment or love-feast, and then there is nothing amiss; but if considerable, a wide door is opened to temptation, and a man cannot be indifferent to win or lose a great sum of money, though he can easily pretend it. . . . If without money he cannot mind his game, then the game is no divertisement, no recreation, but the money is all the sport, and therefore covetousness is all the design; but if he can be recreated by the game alone, the money does but change it from lawful to unlawful, and the man from being weary to become covetous, and from the trouble of labour or study remove him to the worse trouble of fear, or anger, or impatient desires. Here begins the mischief; here men begin for the money to use vile arts; here cards and dice begin to be diabolical; when players are witty to defraud and undo one another, when estates are ventured, and families are made sad by a poor and luckless chance. . . . "They who make a pastime of a neighbour's ruin are the worst of men," said the comedy. But concerning the loss of our money, let a man pretend what he will, that he plays for no more than he is willing to lose, it is certain that we ought not to believe him; for if that sum is so indifferent to him, why is not he easy to be tempted to give such a sum to the poor? Whenever this is the case, he sins that games for money beyond an inconsiderable sum. Let the stake be nothing, or almost nothing, and the cards or dice are innocent.'

There is only one objection to be made to this charming statement of the case. It is this: Taylor fails to perceive the distinction between the sum risked on each game and the expectation of gain or loss on a series of games. Many persons who can afford to play, say, penny points at whist, could not afford to give, say, sixpence, to the poor at the conclusion of every rubber, whether they won or lost it; the tax would be altogether out of proportion to the means of the individual. The player expects to win some rubbers and to lose others; and, at the end of a considerable number of rubbers, played during, say, a twelvemonth, he expects to be in or out of pocket but a few pence, a few shillings, or at the most a pound or so. If he has lost a pound he has paid very cheaply for a year's pleasure: if he has won a pound he may, like parson Dale, in 'My Novel,' treat himself to the additional gratification of distributing it in charity.

Nelson, the pious author of the 'Practice of True Devotion,' had no objection to cards, provided that 'persons do not make a business of what they should only use as a diversion.'

The Rev. Augustus Toplady, well known for his high Calvinistic principles, thought that the clergy might innocently indulge in cards. He had a high opinion of Gataker's work, which he says was professedly written to prove the lawfulness of card-playing under due restrictions and limitations. Mr. Toplady proceeds, 'I cannot condemn the vicar of Broad Hembury (i.e., himself) for relaxing himself now and then among a few friends with a rubber of sixpenny whist, a pool of penny quadrille, or a few rounds of two-penny Pope Joan. To my certain knowledge, the said vicar has been cured of headache by one or other of those games, after spending eight, ten, or twelve, and sometimes sixteen hours in his study. Nor will he ask any man's leave for so unbending himself, because another person's conscience is no rule to his, any more than another person's stature or complexion.'

Dr. Johnson regretted that he had

not learnt to play at cards, and for this reason, which is given in Boswell's 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides': 'It is very useful in life; it generates kindness, and consolidates society.' Talleyrand's well-known *not* respecting whist is to the same effect: 'Vous ne savez pas le whiste, jeune homme, qu'elle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez.'

Chatte, in discussing the morality of card-playing, in his work on 'Playing Cards,' says that in cases where high stakes are played for, the money being risked more in the way of traffic than of amusement, gaming is a positive evil to society; and that it is utterly inexcusable and unjustifiable on any grounds whatever. 'When a victim is stripped, his individual loss is of but small moment to society; the true evil is a politico-economical one, viz., that portions of the national wealth, created by the industry of others, should be at the disposal of such a character, and that they should pass to one probably more worthless than himself.'

This view is just, and is very near the truth; but it leaves undetermined how far playing for money may be harmlessly indulged in. This question is of considerable importance.

All games, whether played with cards or with other instruments, may be classed as, 1, games of skill; 2, games of chance; and, 3, mixed games. This classification was dilated on in an article on whist, in 'London Society' for January last. The first and second classes were rejected in favour of the third; games of skill exciting too much interest, games of chance too little, unless large sums of money are at stake. It should be observed that popular games have almost always been mixed games. Such, in the case of cards, are ombre, quadrille, Boston, whist, piquet, and cribbage. In these chance and skill enter in such ratio that a considerable part of the time taken up by the game is a period of comparative rest; and the remainder is pleasantly occupied in watching the chances, and in endeavouring to turn them in our favour by the exercise of skill.

Hence arises the interest felt in the game; and the best card-games are so well compounded that, without fatiguing the players, they afford materials for keen and healthy enjoyment.

Yet, it may be argued, these games are generally played for a stake. If they are so enjoyable for their own sake, why is a stake almost invariably added to them? It is true that they are generally played for a *small* stake. The use of the stake is to define the interest of the game. It is quite the exception that scientific games, such as whist, are played for any amount of consequence. It is not the amount that increases the pleasure of the players; indeed, most of those who play their quiet rubber would feel very uncomfortable if a large sum of money depended on the result. But there is just the difference between playing for something or for nothing, that there is between purpose or no purpose. Take any other occupation—riding or driving. We want an hour's horse or carriage exercise. We do not ride round and round in a circle. We at once propose some kind of object; 'let us go and see such and such a person or place.' We have no particular call in one direction more than in another; but we feel more interest in our ride or drive if we go somewhere or do something.

The question may be put, 'What do you mean by a *small* stake? what limit do you propose? Where does "defining interest" end and gambling begin?' This is a question not easy to answer. In the opinion of the writer the limit depends on the means of the players. As long as it is a matter of perfect indifference to the players whether they win or lose the sum staked, so long are they without the pale of gambling; the moment they begin to feel anxious on account of the amount depending on the result, then the sooner they reduce the stakes the better. It is clear that what would be gambling in a clerk at 100*l.* a year need not be gambling in a man of considerable fortune. The good sense of the community generally fixes the stakes at a rea-

sonable sum, in accordance with the definition just laid down. Thus, to take the case of whist, the domestic rubber is generally played for 'heads' or for 'silver threepennies;' among well-to-do professional men the regulation points are generally 'shillings,' with perhaps an extra half-crown on the rubber; while at clubs, where money flows more easily, half-crown points are common. At crack clubs, where the members are many of them men of wealth, higher points are to be met with.

No doubt there is the temptation to people of moderate income to play 'high' when they are introduced into circles where money is played for. Thus, De Smith is a man of family, and, as such, a member of the Coronet Club, where high stakes are played. But Smith is poor. If De Smith is so fond of a rubber

that he must wander into the card-room, the sooner he retires from the club the better. He should avoid temptation by joining another club where the points are lower. Smith's position as a tempted man is by no means peculiar; there are temptations in every path of life. There is the temptation to the trader to over-trade his capital; to the banker or the broker to speculate in various securities; to the man of property to live expensively and beyond his income. But no one will argue hence that commercial pursuits and the possession of private means are in themselves evils: properly employed, they are blessings. And thus we return to the point from which we started, that card-playing, in common with almost all occupations and amusements, may be wisely and honestly used, or foolishly and wickedly abused.



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FIRST UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE (1829).

BY AN OLD OXONIAN.

THE immense interest excited by the University Boat-race in March, 1864, and the fact that the 'Times' in its account of the race gave a list of all the previous contests between the two Universities on the water, induces the writer of this paper to offer his recollections to the present generation of boating men. A few memoranda from an eye-witness seem not to be out of place at this moment, when, after thirty-five years, showing a curious distribution of successes, the contest of April, 1865, is imminent.

I was in my freshman's year at Oxford. I was not a boating man, but I had the liveliest interest in the performances of those who were. Everybody who recollects the day, will remember that it was as fine as our climate allows a June day to be. And certainly all advantage was taken of the splendour of the weather. No such race has ever been pulled at Henley since. Possibly the recklessness of the steam-boats on the Thames near London may compel the Universities to find some less accessible waters again. But the choice of Henley as the place of the contest gave a picturesque quality to the events of the day which could only appear again with a race subject to the same conditions. One accidental condition is now impossible. There were no railways. All therefore had to find their way by road; and the interest attached to the race was such that every man who could go to Henley did go. I look back upon this event now with some feeling of surprise at the state of the University mind that day. The race between the crews of the two Universities was, one need hardly say, not at all what it is now. No one looked upon it then as a water Derby: such a thing had never been heard of till that year. And yet I can appeal to the memory of all my contemporaries whether they have ever, at any time since, seen the whole University turn itself out as it did that day. The gravest and

most unexpected men were to be seen riding, or even driving, on some part or other of that three-and-twenty miles between Oxford and Henley. There were gigs, tandems, pairs; and one party of friends actually approached the scene, and I believe returned in safety, in a four-horse drag driven by one of themselves. At least I saw them safe, baiting at Benson on the way back. I went with three other men of my own college in a modest phaeton and pair. My friend who drove, afterwards member for his county for many years, now rests with his fathers; the other two, I believe, survive. We took with us a very considerable hamper packed in the most provident manner, with a view to the certain exhaustion of the local purveyors. We got to Henley after a pleasant drive, and found it looking very much as if the University had determined to transplant itself, a second time; still to the banks of its beloved Thames. There is no doubt that if all the men of all standings could have been impounded in Henley, we might have had, the next day, a very respectable show of lecture-rooms; quite enough Regents to have made a Convocation; and a Vice-Chancellor and Proctors only wanting—if indeed they were wanting—to confer degrees. How we would have voted for admitting all Cambridge men *ad eundem*! It certainly would have been necessary to introduce assizes of food, as my readers will soon perceive. We put up at an inn in the main street at Henley, the name of which shall not live in my Naumachia. Here we made up our party to ten or more, and obtained, by what I must consider to be a piece of good fortune, the use of a room for an hour or two. Our hamper being unpacked, the table was spread with our own good things, reinforced by a contribution from the larder of our excellent host. That contribution amounted, as well as I can recollect, to a

shoulder of mutton and a piece of cheese not in its first freshness. At the close of our entertainment we begged to see our little bill. On being presented, we found that it rated us at ten shillings a head. We made some faint remonstrance. But our host was impregnable; and, far from submitting to an attack, retorted upon us. He pointed out the obvious fact that this was an unusual occasion; and that he not only had charged us, with a proper moderation for the use of the room and the refreshments which he had furnished, but that he had actually behaved with generosity. He ought to have charged us for every cork of our own bottles that had been drawn in that room;—he had not done so. He drew himself up, and stood as a man of integrity whom it would indeed be impossible to convince, but whom, after his statement, we could not wish to defraud—*justum et tenacem propositi virum*.

The race was pulled as evening came on; and, as the time for it drew near, the whole crowd of Oxford and Cambridge men swelled down to the river-side and on the bridge; the Oxford men showing their blue favours; the Cambridge pink. I was fortunate enough to get a capital position for seeing the conclusion of the race, on the top of the little bridge-house at the Berkshire end of Henley bridge. The start was out of sight. The odds, it will be remembered, were offered and taken against Oxford. A defeat was confidently expected even by Oxford men; so that we who wore blue, on taking our stand as we could to see the end of the race, were not in the highest possible spirits. At last it was known that the boats were off. And here I will set down a story which was told at the time, and generally believed. Our friendly antagonists, at starting, were said to have complained that their oars fouled in the weeds. In consequence of this complaint the start was decided not to have been a fair one, and a second was made. Then the Oxford coxswain steered his men through the same water of which the Cambridge crew

had complained, and pleasantly called out to them, 'Weeds, weeds!' I have made it my business to inquire into this story, and am able to say, on the best possible evidence—the evidence of some of the crew of the Oxford boat—that it is untrue. What really happened was this. The Cambridge men, having won the toss for choice of side, chose the Berkshire shore. Then, at the start, the Cambridge coxswain steered out into the stream. If the course so steered had been acquiesced in by the Oxford coxswain, the result would have been that the Oxford boat must have endured the serious disadvantage of standing over to the Oxfordshire shore. He therefore held on his own course, and the oars of the two boats fouled. This was a moment of great excitement. The umpires were called on to give directions: and their decision was, that, there being plenty of water on the Berkshire side, both boats should be allowed to pull over it. Nevertheless, after the second start, the Oxford boat did not pass the Cambridge quite so quickly as after the first. Very soon—but then the time seemed very long—the boats showed themselves rounding the bend of the river. All doubts were over. The first *corona navalis* was to come to Oxford. I see that the 'Times,' in describing the character of the races, has marked this as being won 'easily.' I doubt whether those who pulled in it would use that word. Certainly it was very cleanly done. The Cambridge boat had no chance at any time after it was seen from Henley bridge; but I think scarcely sufficient justice is rendered to the skill and resolution of the Cambridge crew by the use of the word 'easily.' However, the thing was settled; and in a few minutes the Oxford boat came up to an arch of Henley bridge, well ahead, and shot under to the landing-place. Never shall I forget the shout that rose among the hills. Any one who has been at Henley will recollect how well the valley lies for reverberating sound. Men who loved Horace must have thought of his lines to Mæcenas—

— 'ut paterni
Fluminis ripas, simul et jocosas
Rachetres lances tibi, Vatican
Montis imago.'

Certainly the echo, image of the Berkshire hills, made itself heard. It has never fallen to my lot to hear such a shout since. There was fierce applause at the Installation of the Duke of Wellington a few years after, and there has been applause under a hundred roofs since; but applause that fills a valley is a different thing. I did not see the great pageant of the entry of the Princess Alexandra into London; but I had the good fortune to see her embark with the Prince of Wales, at Southampton, on the evening of their marriage. The quays, and the Southampton water, gave back no such answer to our cheers as the Henley valley gave on the 10th of June, 1829.

Last year, the 'Times' has usefully chronicled the dates and results of all the races, beginning with this. Let me take the opportunity of putting on record the names of both the crews of 1829. I give the names from a list furnished to me by one of themselves:—

OXFORD.

1. Mr. Carter, St. John's.
2. Mr. Arbuthnot, Balliol.
3. Mr. Bates, Ch. Ch.
4. Mr. Wordsworth, Ch. Ch.
5. Mr. Toogood, Balliol.
6. Mr. Garnier, Worcester.
7. Mr. Moore, Ch. Ch.
8. Mr. Staniforth, *Stroke*, Ch. Ch.
- Steerer*, Mr. Fremantle, Ch. Ch.

CAMBRIDGE.

1. Mr. Holdsworth.
2. Mr. Bayford.
3. Mr. Warren.
4. Mr. Merivale.
5. Mr. Entwistle.
6. Mr. Thompson.
7. Mr. Selwyn.
8. Mr. Snow, *Stroke*.
- Steerer*, Mr. Heath.

I will not attempt to annotate this list. Many readers of this magazine may easily swell the names which I have given them into biographies, from their own knowledge and

friendships. You who read this description having been, like myself, eye-witnesses, will recollect the reception which awaited the Oxford crew as they stepped on shore from their boat. There was no doubt about their muscle; but really it seemed as if their friends thought their backs had been made by a boat-builder. The sententious statement of Sophocles,* that not the broad-backed men are those who enjoy most safety, received an interpretation of which that excellent dramatist probably never thought. We who had not pulled, and were not specially noticeable for immense development between the shoulders, stood in safety; but the thumps and claps on the back which that crew experienced from the unreflecting ardour of friendship and enthusiasm, must certainly have been trying. They were soon lost in the crowd; and have since taken their places among ordinary mortal men. But if, as the 'Times' prophesies, the University boat-race is hereafter to be 'looked forward to with an interest little short of that with which the Derby is now anticipated,' the memory of these eight and their coxswain will become fresher every year, and will remain in history long after the day when the last of the broad-backs, and the skilful coxswain, have ceased to be seen on earth or water. The race over, the Cambridge men added to the esteem that was felt for their gallantry in contesting it by a striking piece of modesty. Before the race, as I said, Henley swarmed with pink and blue favours; after it, pink was scarcely to be seen. The Cambridge men, I might say entirely, withdrew their colours, and appeared unmarked. I recollect being very much struck with this circumstance. In a most beautiful summer evening, such as summer evenings are to the eyes of nineteen and twenty, we drove back to Oxford, loaded with blue ribbons, and lustily cheered in the villages as we went through. We arrived in time to

* — 'ὅτι γὰρ οἱ πλατεῖς
εὐθὺς ἐκτρέφονται φῦτες ἀσφαλίστατοι.'
SOPH. *Aj.*, 1250.

enter the college gates before midnight, though I have suspicions that not all our friends were equally fortunate. I suppose, however, that due allowance was made for the necessity of the occasion and three-and-twenty miles of turnpike-road. We were all covered with dust, for the roads lay inch deep in it. I had some difficulty in clearing it out of my hair, which in those days came out rather thick on each side, under

a hat with a brim rolled up like a gutter. It is a good deal thinner now, and shows something of what Horace calls the *cunities morosa*. But I hope that no one of these pages will turn out to be morosa, and that the youngest of my readers will not be displeased to have read of the famous 1829, from the pen of an eye-witness,

AN OXFORD MAN.

THE COXSWAIN'S SONG.



OVER your toes, Seven! over your toes!
 Five! not so high on the feather!
 Shoulders well back, Four and Six! now she goes!
 Bow, Two, and Three! up together!

Gaily our boat past the sedge-fring'd bank flies:
 More shoulders back, Six and Four!
 Cattle are gazing with placid surprise—
 Three! keep your eyes off your oar!

Thames and the Severn, with Isis and Dee,
Furnish two-thirds of our crew;
Witham, and Ouse, and the Trent give us three—
Elbows past sides, number Two!

Brightly before us the smooth river beams,
Amber and rose in the sun;
Ruffled in wavelets behind us it gleams—
Pick her up, Two, Three, and One!

Past restless ripples that shallows o'erleap,
Through circling eddies we bound;
Underneath trees where the still shadows sleep
Loudly our rowlocks resound.

Four little whirlpools foam past either side
When the quick feather is made,
Far down our wake in an avenue wide
Marking the steps of each blade.

Time, Five! again along low meadows green—
Time, number Seven!—we glide;
Stroke rushes past where Two's oar has just been,
Swift and gigantic his stride.

Drag your weights, fore and aft! now into view
Comes the last reach—here's the bend:
Hold of the water well forward, and through
Sharp as you can to the end.

Now Seven, send her in! now Five and Four!
Now then—Six, Three, Two, and One!
Give her another!—another! one more!
Easy all! My song is done.

F. W. E.



MUSCULAR SOCIETY.

No. I.—*Fencing and Gymnastics.*

'WHERE does Freddy get his complexion?'

Such was the question that suggested itself to my mind as I was walking up St. James's Street, one afternoon last month. Not that it originated itself spontaneously either; for, being neither a Free-thinking bishop nor a Radical M.P., I am not in the way of originating difficult questions; and, in fact, I sometimes find over-much difficulty in solving those that other people originate for me. Such, for instance, as the difficulty of choosing between two equally-eligible invitations to dinner on the same day; the question why all the best shooting counties are only to be reached by such a railway as the Great Eastern; the formidable annual question of my tailor's bill, and others equally puzzling, which, had they waited for my origination, would have slept untroubled for ever.

The fact is, I saw Freddy coming down the street as I was going up. As usual, he was the very picture of happiness; his handsome smooth face (which the bearded Brown calls 'babyish') wreathed in gracious smiles, his hat giving just the idea (and no more) of being on one side, and his whole air breathing the consciousness that he was a general favourite, and knew it.

Now there are several unresolved questions about Freddy which the bearded Brown is never tired of putting. 'Where does he get his coats?'—'Why does he turn his collar two inches lower down than any other man in London?'—'Does he wear stays?'—'What is he good for besides waltzing and small-talk?' But the chief of all, and the one that Brown always asks as his final and crushing point is, 'Where does he get his complexion?' And as Freddy sauntered up to me, carelessly swinging the slender umbrella he always carries in fine weather, I could not resist the temptation to ask him myself.

He smiled in his languid way

(Brown says there is a world of affectation in his smile), and daintily buttoned his glove.

'I suppose Nature gave it me,' said he.

'But even Nature can't stand the London season. How do you manage to keep it?'

He smiled again, and showed his teeth, which even Brown admits are good (adding, that 'they ought to be at the price').

'Come with me, and I'll show you how I keep it.'

So we turned down the street and into Cleveland Row, at the end of which stands a building of austere aspect, apparently built upon the old model of Little Bethel chapel. Into this Freddy led me. To my astonishment, I found myself in a large and lofty hall surrounded by a gallery, and lit up with gas (for it was already getting dark). From the roof hung ladders, trapezes, and incomprehensible ropes of all sizes and lengths, while at the further end were single and parallel bars, many-handed machines for pulling at, and all the dreadful machinery of gymnastics. The scene in the centre of the room was striking, not to say alarming. Six couples of fencers, masked and padded, were there opposed, struggling in frantic desperation, advancing, retreating, lunging, stamping and shouting as though possessed. Most of the combatants, I noticed, were men I either knew personally, or by sight, and from meeting them in society. There were civil servants not a few. There were two Guardsmen helmeted and spurred, smoking by the fire, and a stray barrister was measuring himself round the chest. Nor was 'Honourable House' unrepresented; for two of the national legislators—one hereditary and the other elected—were contending with as much ardour, and certainly as much pleasure, as if they had been fighting over 'Reasons' in the Painted Chamber. Freddy informed me that I was in the 'London

Fencing Club,' the distinctive and saving feature of which (as he begged me to remark) is that it is a club, admitting members only after being regularly proposed, and through the ordeal of the ballot, and not a fencing shop where any unclubbable body may buy five shillings'-worth of science; and he maintained that such a distinction is especially important, because it is not pleasant to meet any but gentlemen upon such terms of intimacy as in fencing and gymnastics are unavoidable. As I agreed, he left me and disappeared upstairs into one of the many dressing-rooms ranged round the gallery, whence he shortly returned, dressed in an alarming suit of red and blue flannel, composed of knickerbockers and a scanty upper garment, in which costume he bore a striking resemblance to Miss Marie Wilton as attired (more or less) for a popular burlesque.

The first thing he did was to seat himself in one scale of a weighing-machine, and gravely to pile up weights on the other. The result of the operation seemed to afford him much concern, for his countenance fell considerably.

'This is serious,' said he.

'What is?' I asked; for the scale only showed 10 st. 4 lbs. I noticed, too, that he was as lean as a greyhound, and the idea of his being a victim to some frightful form of atrophy crossed my mind.

'I've gained two pounds and a half since last Wednesday,' said he. 'I see I must give up dining out.'

What a new light for me, who never knew what I weighed in my life, and dine out whenever I can!

'Look at those dumb-bells—beauties!—are they not?'

I looked at them, and was thinking in my own mind that they were very ugly and very immovable, when he rolled out a huge specimen marked '90 lbs.' and playfully asked if I would try to 'put it up.' I might as well have tried to put up the centre of the earth, and said so; when, to my amazement, Freddy stooped, and grasping the monster by the handle, raised it first to his shoulder and then above his head

apparently with as much ease and pleasure as if it had been a glass of sherry.

'That's nothing at all,' said he, in answer to my looks. 'One of our men has got a pair of them, and carries them about when he travels. He always takes them into the railway carriage with him, wrapped up in brown paper as parcels; and there is a story of a civil old gentleman who offered to hold one for him, having dropped it through the floor of the carriage, and dislocated his shoulder besides.'

And then Freddy seized a pair little less in size, and laying them on the floor, lunged out at them, picked one up, recovered, lunged again and replaced it, picked both up, lifted them high in the air, and so went on tossing them about for the space of five minutes. Next, he took a pair of enormous wooden clubs, pear-shaped and nearly as big as himself (which, however, he declared were objectionable, as being 'rather light'), poised them delicately before him for an instant, then swinging them alternately round his head, at the risk, as it seemed to me, of dashing his own brains out, described large and frightful circles, crossed them behind his back, twisted them round by mere force of wrist, swung them up to the stars and down to the earth—and all as lightly and gracefully as M. Costa waves his wand. But it was evidently no light work. The veins of his neck swelled and throbbed, while the muscles of his bare arm worked pliantly beneath the transparent skin and stood out hard and smooth as polished bronze. This arm was another new revelation to me. I had never known it to do harder work than to encircle a tiny waist in the waltz; and I now began to feel an astonished respect for its owner, not unmixed with awe. So that I was no longer surprised when, quitting the clubs, he playfully sprang on to a horizontal bar or pole some seven feet from the ground, and, as he termed it, 'turned over without touching,' which it appears, means making an alarming kind of catherine-wheel of oneself with the hands as a centre.

'A beautiful bar,' said he; 'look at it.'

I looked at it, and thought it a rather commonplace pole.

'Follow the grain, and you will see that it extends without a break the whole length of the stick—a most important condition in a bar, but very difficult to obtain. If ever you want one' (I thought I saw myself wanting one) 'go to a shaft-maker and choose an unbent shaft for yourself. There are very few good sticks; and I have looked over a hundred without finding a decent one. And when you've got it, don't fall into the mistake of having it made any other shape than round. Some gymnasts have their bars made oval, but that is only an ingenious device to render it impossible to get a hold.'

And, to show I suppose what he meant by 'a hold,' he volunteered to show me the 'hock swing': jumped at the bar, and in an instant, without any apparent effort, was sitting on it. Then, suddenly leaving go with his hands and throwing his arms above his head, he flung himself backwards, holding only by his knees, swung himself completely round the bar, and suddenly unlocking his knees, alighted calmly and happily on his feet. I was now prepared for anything; and when he began to trifle with the flying trapeze, I confess I was rather disappointed to find that he was not quite so good as Léotard. For all that, he made me very nervous; for besides flying from one trapeze to another in the most easy and nonchalant manner with his hands, he seemed to derive a keen amusement from catching the second trapeze with his knees or his toes, and swinging head downwards.

'All these things,' said he, during an interval of rest, 'are much easier than they look. They mostly depend upon knack, and all they require is the pluck to go at them the first time; when once that is done, the rest is easy.'

Again applying it mentally to my own case, I thought I saw myself 'going at' such a performance as the 'hock swing,' and ventured to inquire what would

become of you if you failed the first time.

'The only way to learn anything with safety,' said he, 'is to have somebody to catch you in the fall; but that is no easy matter; for catching is an art that requires as much education as gymnastics themselves. I only know one man in London who understands it, and he acquired it at Triat's, in Paris, and is, besides, the best gymnast in the club.'

Freddy now bade me remark the advantage of gymnastic exercise, namely, that it can be brought to bear upon any set of muscles in the human frame, and by developing those particular sets that need it, restore the muscular balance which all the habits of modern life tend to destroy. And he appealed to me whether I did not know fifty men capable of walking their thirty miles a day without distress, who yet could not go up a rope 'hand over hand' to save their lives. I thought of myself and assented, when I was asked triumphantly if it were not absurd that a man possessed of very good legs should have practically no arms or shoulders at all. Then to show the effects of a regular practice of gymnastics, Freddy produced the club weight-book, from which it appeared that in six months his arm had increased in circumference nearly an inch (it then stood at fourteen inches!), and that in the same time he had gained two inches round the chest and (which seemed to please him even more) lost one round the waist.

During this conversation he had arrayed himself in a leathern jacket and gauntlet, and now advanced to the fencing-master, a Frenchman, whose profession and nationality I had severally recognised already from his *plastron* and his accent.

The lesson was one of the few things I remembered from my Parisian school-days, and brought nothing new to the lively sense I still retained of the horrors and disappointments of which it is an epitome. Nothing I think so thoroughly brings home to the fencer the fact that he is human and nothing more—as compared with the *maître d'armes*, who is something

considerably more. In seeing Freddy undergo this mortification of the flesh and muscles, I remembered my own experience, and sympathized. He went through the salute, or *salut à la mur* (a baser imitation of which we have all seen on the stage), with a studied grace probably intended to captivate me (as it did), but, to his disgust, was at once told, 'It is well enough, but *il vous manque le vrai cachet*,' and, crossing his left foot in front of his right, with the toes turned out—a position common to all fencing-masters in the lecture—the *maître d'armes* proceeded to explain how the *Salut* was 'not a mere ornamental exhibition, nor even only a politeness to the adversary, but, above all, a means of judging of the strength of a fencer, so that the gallery should say at once, *c'est un beau tireur*!' Anxious to retrieve his credit, Freddy *prima l'épée*, and fell into an impregnable position on guard, when he was immediately shown, by demonstration, that nothing was more easy than to run him through the abdomen. Nor was that all. Before the lesson was over he was assured that he wanted quickness—that his legs were *molles* and idle—that he tightened his fingers ridiculously round the grip of the foil—and that his only object appeared to be to whip the air and to spit himself on his enemy's sword, or as the professor put it, *de se fendre sur le rôté*. Then he was exhorted to cover himself, to preserve the command of the line of attack, to force his muscles, to have more *élan*, to play closer and lighter, *Tac! Tac! Tendez bien le jarret gauche! Fendez-vous à fond!* And then the master quietly lunged himself, doubled up his foil against Freddy's breast, and, with the remark, '*Je vous traverse les reins*,' dismissed him.

Few things are so much affected by individual character as fencing; and while Freddy was resting himself by performing the 'back lift,' which is nothing more nor less than turning a break-neck summersault over the bar, I had an opportunity of noticing the different varieties of character present as shown in the different styles of play. There was the cautious fencer, who kept his

guard and watched for an ill-judged lunge by the adversary, trusting rather to catch him by a judicious *riposte* than by a bold attack. There was the rash and eager fencer, lunging at all hazards and all times, parrying not at all, and ever leaving himself uncovered in order to seize an opening. Another and lower variety of the same character was 'the rusher,' whose left leg knew no hold on the ground; who threw his head, shoulders, and body, as well as his foil, at his opponent, drove him round the room, and generally ended the conflict by wrestling with him *corps à corps*. There was the eccentric fencer, given to describing figures in the air, and trying unhalloed and impossible attacks, to his own confusion. There was the unfortunate fencer, knowing nothing, persevering against fate, and getting mercilessly prodded at every movement. Then there was the strong fencer, whose wrist was a tower of safety, and who twisted the opponent's weapon out of his hand by mere brute force. The insincere fencer, who quarrelled over the hits, and believed in none but his own. Worst of all was the fencer who 'had a bad style'—the *bête noire* and horror of all the rest—who, from some original vice in his nature, persistently did everything the wrong way and never improved. Very fatal was he to beginners, whom he thought it right gratuitously to advise: very scornful, too, thinking himself too good to be pitted against any but the best, who did not appreciate him, so that he was left unto himself desolate. Then there was the really good fencer, he whom Nature had endowed with the rare and well-balanced mixture of opposite qualities that make an excellent swordsman. Such a one is Mr. George Chapman, counted the best amateur fencer in Europe.

Freddy's scolding in the lesson only showed that the club possessed an exacting, and therefore a good, master, for in the assault he proved by no means a despicable fencer. All men are equal before the small sword, and Freddy's adversary, a tall corporal-major of Lifeguards

(of whom there are two salaried by the club), did not appear to be an over-match for him. In fact, in a well-contested 'six,' when some four minutes' fight had brought them to 'five all,' Freddy proved the victor by making the last hit with a neat 'double disengage, and cut over.'

He was now what is precisely termed 'bathed in perspiration,' and presented the appearance of having been parboiled. He himself admitted that he was 'a little baked,' and left me to take a cold *douche* bath (the thermometer being at 34°) as being the most pleasant finish to the afternoon.

Meanwhile, I had made the *maître d'armes* my friend by a well-placed compliment, not upon his skill, which is rather a pupil's virtue than a master's, but upon his method of instruction, which he valued much more. He assured me that fencing was the king of exercises—the only one worthy of a gentleman—that all the great heroes of history had excelled in it (and, as he more than suggested, owed their greatness to it). That, unlike other amusements, it gave at the same time grace and strength to the body, and quickness to the intellect. That other exercises might be good for the workmen and the low people, but for a gentleman—No! What was *la boxe*? It was brutal and degrading. What were the gymnastics? what was the game of Tennis? They were *des salotés*, softening alike to the muscles and the brain. I could not help thinking of the fencing-master in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and of his indignation at the comparison of philosophy with 'the most necessary of all the sciences.' But I said nothing and looked nothing, so that the professor went on to pour out the vials of his wrath on a schism, which he said had just broken out in England, as to the position of the body in the lunge, the schismatics allowing the head to be thrown forward, contrary to the opinion of all antiquity, and the express injunctions of Angelo, Grisiar, and Cordelois. But the innovators had been *flambés*, for Mr. Chapman (or, as he called him,

'Monsieur Shapperman') had taken the defence of truth, and in a pamphlet had demolished all such opinions, and re-established the canon of the upright body. Finally, to keep the body upright was to be in the good principles, and to be in the good principles was to conquer. Again, I thought of Molière's *maître d'armes* who could kill his man by *raison démonstrative*, and I was about to make some cavil as to the worth of good principles generally, and the difficulty of being in them, when Freddy reappeared.

I expected to see him broken-down with fatigue. I expected, too, to behold some dreadful effects from the shock of his cold bath, a 'sudden chill' being a thing I had been taught by newspaper paragraphs and maiden aunts to connect with fatal consequences from my youth up. No such thing. His step was springy and elastic, the envied complexion was ruddier and more transparent than ever, and he was in the best of tempers evidently—for he asked me to dine with him. I accepted gladly (I knew Freddy for a *gourmet*), and we walked up to his club, where he gave me a long sermon on muscle, which began with the soup and only ended with the curaçoa.

It was strange, he said, that in England, where we are so constantly glorifying ourselves over our superiority in robust exercises, fencing and gymnastics should be so little cultivated; doubly strange that Paris, which we so seldom associate with anything more fatiguing than dominoes, should be the very home and cradle of both those noble arts, so that an Englishman who would excel in them might as reasonably expect to acquire either elsewhere as to learn rowing on the Seine, or the Parisian *accent entraînant* in Piccadilly. And here he indulged in a digression (which, I may remark, was coincident with the opening of a second bottle of 'Périer-Jouet') asserting that a Frenchman would reason upon any question in heaven or earth without ever being either awed by his subject or ashamed of it, so that M. Cordelois would bring to the consideration of the *contre de*

quarts just the same process of reasoning as M. Arago to a new planet or a returning comet. 'But,' said he, 'we are improving. A great muscular revival is afoot, and after all that has been said about the cultivation of mental power, it is beginning to be thought that there may be some use in the cultivation of physical power. Of course it began with the enthusiasts, fellows who delight in any man's legs, whose one object in life is to keep down their weight, and whose one idea of entertainment is to exhibit their biceps to their friends. Then society at large discovered that exercise was good for the figure. It remarked that dumbbells made it sleep at night, and that the clubs were superior to brandy and soda in the morning. It discovered that a rubber of racquets or an hour's fencing gave it an appetite for dinner which it had vainly sought in sherry-and-bitters. And finally there arose a sect bold enough to assert that an assault of arms was as amusing as a tea-fight, and to maintain that it was as possible to kill an hour at the gymnasium as by a morning call or a walk in the Park. Thus the movement has acquired strength, and manly exercise bids fair to become almost as fashionable as flirting or idling. At first, all this met with bitter opposition from the ladies, who saw some of their most devoted slaves lured from their sides by the appropriately-named "double disengage and cut," and found that some who had been wont to fall head over ears in love, were now much more given to turning heels over head in the "back lift." Thus war was on the point of being declared by the sex, when one of the governing spirits of the club had the happy idea of inviting the ladies to be spectators of the

fun. It succeeded admirably. Indeed, the dear creatures proved quite bloodthirsty, and were much better pleased to see feats of lofty tumbling, in which there was a good fair chance of breaking one's neck, than a display of the greatest science in fencing, which involved no danger. It was whispered, that above all they admired the sparring bouts; were delighted to see a heavy "cross-counter;" and still more delighted if it resulted in "one on the nose, well home." Thus we won their gentle hearts, and sent them home with a profound contempt for all lovers who could not use their little hands to black a rival's eyes—a clear gain to every member of the club who could.'

Here I ventured to ask what Freddy himself had gained from his muscular studies.

'Three things,' said he. 'First of all—Figure, which my experience has taught me is more calculated than either family or fortune to advance a man in life;—secondly, Health, which is practically a gain of life itself, because it is a gain of all the time one would otherwise waste in swallowing and recovering from pills, and tallowing one's nose;—thirdly, Amusement, which I submit is the great end of life, to which the first two are the means, and which of course is therefore the most important of all three.'

By this time it was late, and as Freddy was going on to a dance, we parted. I walked home, feeling much humiliation at my own inferiority; and as I mentally compared my own arm with Freddy's, and thought of the garotters, I resolved that I would lose no time in developing my own ill-balanced muscles, and so remedy the defects of which I was now for the first time conscious.

BLANC-BEC.

BURN'T CORK.

An Acted Charade.

(WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY ADELAIDE CLAXTON.)

O H, there's nothing in England, or Scotland, or Wales,
 Or the spot which 'his own neetive Im'rald Oisle' Patrick calls,
 Which so much of delightful excitement entails
 As an acted charade or some private theatricals.
 I think the charade is the best of the two,
 Charming actors and audience—success universal!
 There's so much you've to suffer, to be, and to do—
 To dress for effect, and to act *sans* rehearsal.
 Here you see Bella Smith—*de la belle on raffole!*—
 Making-up Arthur Brown (who's a swell in the City)
 With a piece of burnt cork, for the principal *rôle*
 In an acted charade. The word chosen's —.

Scene the First. In the Alps (over chairs and the horse
 Sheets and table-cloths hung) with Mont Blanc in the distance -
 (A loaf of white sugar). On each hand, of course,
 A pine forest (brooms) a precarious existence
 Maintains on the crest of the mountain, and hides
 A Band of fierce robbers, who, hearth-broom to shoulder,
 Springing out on a travelling party that rides
 Through the valley, strike terror to every beholder.
 However, the chief, one fair traveller they've stopped,
 Regards with a feeling that's warmer than pity—
 Declares it at once—and gets snubbed, when he's popped.
 So ends the First Syllable Act of —.

Scene the Second. A garden (some plants ranged in pots).
 The moon (moderator) in heaven is beaming.
 In the distance a sentinel—armed to take shots.
 R. a casement (that's 'off') where the damsel is dreaming.
 L.U.E. enter Brigand, who bears a guitar—
 Soft music (in Greek, *γαλήνῃς ἡ ὀρχήστρα*)—
 With a Ditty to show what his sentiments are
 Towards her, who of hope will not grant him the least ray.
 The sentinel, taking the chief for a cat,
 With treacherous tone cries 'Puss, puss! kitty, kitty!'
 Then fires—shoots the singer, exclaiming 'Take that!'
 So ends Second Syllable Act of —.

Scene the last. Open Piazza. A large crowd (of four).
 Two soldiers drawn up—each one bearing a rifle.
 The Brigand brought out from jail (drawing-room) door,
 With his arm in a sling, looking damaged a trifle.
 'Make ready! Present!'—but before the word 'Fire!'
 At a stamp from their chief—or a nod—or a less cue—
 The Brigands rush in, and the soldiers retire.
 The populace cheer at so timely a rescue.
 The chief, proved a lord in disguise, weds his love;
 And so ends the charade, which the shrewd and the witty
 Have found out, from the lucid description above,
 No doubt long ago, to be simply —.

T. H.



Drawn by Adelaide Claxton.]

BURNT CORK.

[See "An Acted Charade."

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT
BY
JAMES M. SMITH

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POLITENESS, INSULAR AND CONTINENTAL.

After-Dinnering.

* Balls are the paradise of daughters, the purgatory of chaperons, and the pandemonium of paterfamilias. The requisites for an agreeable ball are good ventilation, good arrangement, a good floor, good music, a good supper, and good company. Conversations, Receptions, and "At Homes" have for their principal object conversation only; so that, in the selection of guests, youth and beauty are less considered than talent, distinction, and fashion. Private concerts and amateur theatricals ought to be very good to be successful. Professionals alone should be engaged for the former; none but real amateurs for the latter. Both ought to be, but rarely are, followed by a supper, since they are generally very fatiguing, if not positively trying. The tea-party is a much more sociable affair, and may vary in the number of guests from ten to thirty; but in London it does not come under the head of "gaeties."—*The Habits of Good Society, passim.*

THE employment of the interval between dinner and going to bed is a problem which everybody solves according to his own lights and opportunities. Some people, living in the country, dine at seven, and retire to rest at ten, which is like cutting the Gordian knot, instead of untying it. In town, on the contrary, society who congregate by night will dine a little earlier than usual, and prolong their 'evening' into morning. Going to the theatre, and such like, is so obvious, self-suggestive, and matter-of-fact a way of disposing of your after-dinner hours, that it is needless to say anything further about it. Whether you go for the sake of the performance, like the virtuoso, or of the audience, like the fop and the coquette, your amusement is provided ready-made; your evening, exactly like your dinner, is prepared for you by other heads and hands; you simply defray the cost thereof, and then have only to sit still and be entertained without thought of others; or, if you prefer it, fall asleep. It is analogous to the Turkish practice of enjoying a dance by paying people to dance in your stead. We will only discuss such modes of after-dinnering as compel the pleasure-seeker to play some part, and to be himself an active agent.

First come evening parties, which present the grand difficulty of how to occupy the time. It requires great tact and talent on the part of the master or mistress of the house to keep up pleasant conversation in a small coterie. Hence the expediency, sometimes the necessity, of

introducing cards. Another method of amusing your friends is to get together twice as many people as your house will hold. The crush in your rooms, the crowd on your staircase, the impossibility of getting in, and the equal impossibility of getting out again, afford continual entertainment, which never flags until your visitors take their final flight.

If, however, you hesitate to put in practice this desperate measure, a moderate-sized party will often go off well by allowing impromptu amusements to take their course. A dance is proposed. Some one volunteers to officiate as orchestra at the piano. It is not an affair of any pretension, nor of strict etiquette, nor of very full dress. With unaffected cheerfulness and a general determination to please and be pleased, such evenings are often the most agreeable of all. The games called Christmas may be sometimes resorted to, but their success is hazardous unless conducted with great delicacy and caution. The mistress of the house must preside over all, repressing the boisterous and encouraging the timid. As soon as the interest in any game begins to flag, it is time to change it instantly. On such occasions, it is needless to observe, the object should be to indulge in mirth without once forgetting propriety; and where that is duly observed, any one may take part in those amusements without any detriment to his dignity.

It is not polite for any member of the company to attempt to direct, dictate to, or domineer over the

others. A game may be modestly proposed, an opinion offered, a suggestion made; but nothing further. Good-breeding strictly forbids us to insist too strongly on our own ideas, or to carry out our own wishes with too much persistence. Still less is it polite to take advantage of the liberty allowed at such times to make cutting remarks, sarcastic observations, ambiguous compliments, or impose humiliating forfeits. To indulge in strongly-marked flirtation, to pass one's arm round a young lady's waist, to take forcible possession of a ribbon or a flower, or to select incessantly one and the same partner, are marks of defective social training which, if permitted to continue, would soon put an end to social mirth.

Acted charades form a charming drawing-room recreation, provided the actors who accept the parts are gifted with spirit, intelligence, and originality. But something depends on the host, who has to furnish the scenery, costume, and properties. For the first, a screen or two will often suffice; imagination must supply the rest. The efficiency of the latter varies with the adaptive talent of the wearer. For charade costume all is fish that comes to the net. Old hats, caps, flowers, ribbons, handkerchiefs, carpets even, serve for decoration. A gilt paper crown distinguishes a king; a wand denotes a fairy; an old-fashioned garment makes an aged personage. A lady becomes a gentleman by wearing a gentleman's hat; whilst a gentleman is converted into a lady by putting on a lady's shawl and carrying a parasol.

To act a charade, a word is first agreed on, each syllable or portion of which is to suggest an act or tableau, the final act representing 'The Whole.' At the beginning, the spectators are informed how many acts there are before The Whole. The word may be selected from any language known to the company. A French word, for instance, may be taken for those familiar with that language. It is not necessary to adhere to the strict orthography of the syllables; their similarity of sound when pronounced suffices.

Charades may either be written and got by heart beforehand, like any other theatrical piece—by far the safest and most certain way to avoid any possibility of a break-down—or they may be improvised with more or less of preparation and previous arrangement.

Suppose we take the word 'Austerlitz,' dividing it into French syllables. First will come *Os*, a bone, affording a scene between a house-keeper and a butcher, who wants to give her too much bone to her meat. *Terre*, earth or land, may be represented either by sailors coming ashore after a long voyage, or by gardening, farming, and mining operations. *Lits* may be a caricature of the great German pianist performing one of his eccentric capriccios, or treating the audience to some 'Music of the Future.' The Whole will be Napoleon's well-known bivouac on the eve of the famous battle, of course given in burlesque style. The entire performance should be mixed up with jokes and humorous dialogue, to throw the audience off the right scent.

Again; let us take the word 'Château,' a castle or country seat. Our first is *Chat*, a cat. A young gentleman returns from shooting, carrying a heavy game-bag, and tells his mother and sisters he has brought them a hare. On producing it, it proves to be a tortoiseshell, and a dispute arises whether it is really a cat or not. While they are debating the question, an old woman enters, bewailing the loss of her darling puss, and accusing the sportsman of the murder. He refuses to pay the value of the cat, and so she goes out to fetch a policeman. The policeman (who stammers) lays down the law. 'A ca-ca-cat is a do-do-domestic animal and you mu-mu-must not sh-sh-shoot do-do-domestic animals,' &c. The cat is paid for, and the old woman satisfied.

For our second, *Eau*, water, we may take a scene in the desert, where a caravan athirst discovers a spring. But water can be easily acted and indicated in half a dozen different ways, which the reader's ingenuity will readily imagine.

For our Whole two benighted travellers are proceeding to a château hard by, when a woodman warns them not to go, as it is empty, and tenanted only by ghosts. They do go, notwithstanding; and just as they are dropping off to sleep, phantoms appear, rattling chains and making other horrible noises. The travellers threaten to shoot the ghosts, who then confess that they are coiners in the flesh, wanting to keep the château to themselves. The travellers promise secrecy. On leaving, they meet the woodman, who expresses surprise at their escaping alive, and inquires what they think of the château. 'Oh,' they say, 'it is a terrible château. There is not such another château in the world. Advise everybody to avoid the château.'

There is no scant of French words which lend themselves readily to charadric treatment. *Orange*, orange, is made up of *or*, gold, and *ange*, angel; *chien dent*, couchgrass, a troublesome weed in fields and gardens, of *chien*, dog, and *dent*, tooth; *corbeau*, a raven, of *cor*, a corn on the foot, and *beau*, handsome; &c. &c. *Verbum sap.*

As to balls. A fundamental difference exists between English balls and Continental (especially French) ones, which influences both the demeanour of the persons there, and the class of persons who frequent them. English balls are mainly got up for the introduction of young people to each other; they are the machinery for marrying daughters off, and providing sons with suitable brides. 'It was at one ball he met her, at another he flirted, at a third he courted, and at a fourth offered,' is a correct description of many a British match. Not so in France, where marriages of inclination are rarer, and *mariages de convenance* constitute the majority of unions. Not that people there marry persons whom they actually detest much more frequently than we do. But marriages are arranged by parents (sometimes by professional agents) at private colloquies amongst themselves, and not in consequence of young people having met, and been pleased with each

other in society. It is not asserted, however, that this *never* occurs. But there are more marriages made, I believe, in France, by advertisement even, than by the offer of a hand at balls and parties. The truth of this fact will be familiar to every one conversant with contemporary French life and literature. An advertisement (in the 'Constitutionnel') now before me, coolly announces for the second time, 'A young man desires to marry. Write, post-paid, to the initials P. D., Poste Restante, Paris.' Note that, in familiar French, 'un jeune homme' means a single man. A *jeune homme* may be fifty years of age. No doubt, before this appears in print, P. D. will have received inquiries as to his views and pretensions from several and sundry matrimonial brokers; and, in due course, will get fitted with a wife, exactly as he would get fitted with a coat.

A clever French author, speaking of Denmark, says:—'For the painter, a woman is a model; for the doctor, a patient; for the working man, a housekeeper; for the invalid, a nurse; for the republican, a citizeness; for the schoolboy, an angel; for the poet, a flower; for the Huron, a beast of burden. For the Parisian, a woman is a sum of money to be pocketed on your wedding-day; while, for the Dane, a woman is a wife, the mistress of his heart, the counsellor of his reason, and the mother of his children.' It may be fairly said that, in that respect, Englishmen do not utterly differ from Danes.

The consequence is, that at Continental balls where the English element does not predominate, there is a smaller proportion of young people in general, and of young ladies in particular. Of course, by 'balls' are not understood any such places as the Bal Mabille or the Bal de l'Opera, which are not frequented by respectable women, but balls to which a decent man would care to take his sister or his daughter. Such balls, especially those given by official personages, are more stately, more splendid than our own, more brilliant with jewellery and embroidery, more magisterial in their

character, more business-like and serious. There is less dancing, and that more in the style of a stated solemnity. The refreshments and supper correspond in their degree of munificence and solidity. The belles of these balls are the young married women, not the girls; many a French girl scarcely knows what a ball is, except by hearsay, until she is married.

If, therefore, you are smitten with a French young lady, you may not, at a ball, manifest your inclination; on the contrary, you must completely conceal it. If your views are serious, the proper course is for your parents (or their nearest representatives) to communicate with your charmer's parents. If they approve, events march in their regular train; but balls have very little to do with it, until all is settled. At a French ball, you must not flirt with nor court a lady.

Such customs afford an explanation of many rules of French behaviour.

A young girl's best qualities are considered to be reserve, and a salutary mistrust of herself. A modest girl will wear a simple dress; her demeanour will be calm, utterly devoid of airs and affectation. She will perhaps manifest timidity on entering the room and saluting her hostess; but blushes are preferable to boldness. She will speak little, and not giggle at all; she will listen attentively to the music, and will dance quietly and modestly; she will not accept, still less will she lay herself out for, attentions on the part of young men; she will not give them her fan, her *carnet* (memorandum card), or her handkerchief to hold; she will partake of refreshments with great discretion. If she is remarked at all, it will solely be approvingly; for the serenity of her looks and manner will assure every beholder of the innocence of her thoughts.

A young lady, dancing, will not lift her dress too high, nor look her partner full in the face. If he utter a few ball-room commonplaces, she is to reply politely but briefly, without bluntness or embarrassment. When all is over, she is to thank

him with a curtesy, avoiding everything which might establish any relation between herself and a stranger. If, by mistake, she has promised the same quadrille to two partners, she is bound to do her utmost to 'prevent any misunderstanding between them, by refraining from dancing with either of them, and perhaps even by renouncing dancing for the whole of the rest of the evening. Ball-room quarrels, in former times, used to be frequent occurrences; and they are still so far from rare on the Continent, that young ladies should be very careful not to do anything which may cause serious, perhaps fatal strife, either between two partners, or between her brother and a partner.

A young lady—'The Habits' tells us—must be very careful how she refuses to dance with a gentleman. Next to refusing an offer of marriage, few things are so likely to draw upon her the indignation of the rejected applicant; for, unless a good reason is given, he is apt to take it as evidence of personal dislike. If she reply very politely, asking to be excused, as she has a 'slight headache,' and does not wish to dance—'with you,' being probably her mental reservation—a man ought to be satisfied, if not pleased. At all events, he should never press her to dance after one refusal. The young lady who has refused one gentleman has no right to accept another for that dance.

The *carnet*, although somewhat pretentious, is useful for avoiding the annoyance and danger of a lady's accepting two partners for the same dance. Generally, each guest provides their own *carnet*; but the excellent hint given by 'The Habits,' is sometimes carried out both at home and abroad. 'The dances should be arranged beforehand; and for large balls, you should have printed a number of double cards, containing on the one side a list of the dances, and on the opposite page blank spaces, to be filled up by the names of partners. A small pencil should be attached to each card, which should be given to each guest in the cloak-room.'

Our French young lady, when she rises to the dignity of being herself a giver of *fêtes dansantes*, sends out her invitations lithographed either on a large card or on a small sheet of note-paper, announcing—

MONSIEUR AND MADAME OMEGA
have the honour to invite

MONSIEUR AND MADAME ALPHA
to the Ball which they will give
on the 1st of April.

A temporary portico, or marquee-entrance is placed before the door; the staircase is decorated with flowers; the cloak-room warmed, furnished with looking-glasses, pin-cushions, and pins. The ornamentation and lighting of the rooms is seen to—lamps are far preferable to candles of any sort—and the order of entrance of the refreshments settled. The hour of reception arrives. Madame Omega takes her place near the door of the principal *salon*; she salutes her guests as they enter, and begs them to be seated, or passes them on to inner apartments. During the evening, her energies never flag in amusing her company, in sending partners to 'wall-flowers,' and in making up card-tables for the staid and elderly. In truth, Madame O. enjoys no sinecure.

A French young gentleman asking a lady, will request not the *pleasure*, but the *honour* of dancing with her. If she is under the care of a chaperon, he will treat the chaperon with exactly the same respect as he would her mother. Dancers of *bon ton* never take off their gloves, nor venture to squeeze their partner's hand, nor press their own against her side in a gallop, and especially a waltz. The moment she wishes to interrupt that dance, they drop their arm instantly. If they are dancing with a single lady, their respectful reserve becomes still more marked. The dance over, they offer their arm to conduct her to her place, where, bowing lowly, they thank her for the honour she has done them, and retire. A young lady should never be seen to converse intimately with her partner. It is uncivil, even blameable, on the

part of the (French) gentleman, to attempt to establish anything like familiar intercourse. At a ball it is not allowable for the same partners to dance too frequently together.

At French balls, it is allowable to ask a lady to dance without being formally introduced to her—which has both more convenience and more common sense than our strict exigence of a presentation. In good society, *nobody* is supposed to be invited who is not fit company for the other guests. *Any* gentleman, therefore, present is supposed to be an eligible, or at least a permissible partner for any lady. At any rate—says 'The Habits'—if a gentleman in France comes up to a lady and asks her to dance, she must not reply, as a celebrated English beauty once did at the Tuileries: 'I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance,' by which she acquired the reputation of very bad breeding.

Invitations to a ball should be sent out at least a fortnight beforehand, to give time for the preparation of the ladies' dresses. Too brief an invitation looks as if the party invited were merely a stop-gap, an after-thought to fill up the vacancy caused by other refusals, or even as if they were not wished to come. When an invitation cannot be accepted, it should be declined with thanks and expressions of regret at the earliest possible opportunity.

The host and hostess ought to contrive that every lady, young or not young, plain or pretty, be asked to dance. Youngsters, ambitious of making their way in society, will render good service in the matter of wall-flowers.

Dance as other people dance; neither better nor worse.

After dancing, you may not lead a lady to any other seat than that which she occupied before.

Do not delay asking a lady to dance until the orchestra has already struck up.

Never remain at a ball till daylight, unless you wish to be painfully undeceived in respect to both good looks and dress.

You do not take leave of your hosts on quitting a ball, but call or

drop a card within a fortnight afterwards. It is quite enough for the entertainers to undergo the fatigue of receiving. The quietest way of quitting is the best. A propos to which, and what to avoid, take the following:

A German lady, who had been to Paris—what circles she frequented, I cannot specify—was making a call on a friend in Frankfort. Wishing to show that she had profited by her travels, when she rose to take leave, she hunted about the room for her pocket-handkerchief, without paying attention to anybody present, but upsetting tables and chairs, and smashing one or two China ornaments.

'Good heavens, Madame, what are you about?' cried the lady of the house.

'I am leaving the room, Madame, *à la Française*.'

What follows is merely an expression of opinion, with which the reader may agree, or not, as he chooses. It is a dangerous move to tell people *not* to do a thing; for—such is the perversity of human nature—it is almost sure to make them do it. We have, all of us, more or less, a spice of that porcine temper which urges us to push forwards, if any one pulls us by the coat-tails backwards. When Duncan Gray said, in a rage—

'Shall I for a naughty hizzie die?
She may go to—France, for me!'

it was, indeed, 'Ha! ha! the wooing on't!' The lassie then ran after the lad, whom she had sent about his business.

If a thief is caught with his hand in a neighbour's pocket, 'Don't hurt the poor man! Don't duck him! Don't put him under the pump!' is the most persuasive argument for the administration of summary justice. Marc Antony, when panting to avenge Caesar's death, insidiously told the citizens of Rome:—

'Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To any sudden flood of mutiny.'

'Don't,' therefore, is frequently a synonym of 'Do.'

Thus, the syllabus appended to the Pope's last Encyclical is a learned list of heretical errors, which has the same effect on many minds as Luther's denunciations of Popish priestcraft. People who have never paid much attention to the right of private judgment, nor considered the value of civil and religious liberty, will find therein matter for reflection on the advantages of holding on to, and encouraging, what there are called 'pestiferous heresies.'

Again: When I was a little boy, my parents presented me with a picture-book, intended doubtless to keep me always 'good.' It was an illustrated encyclical of pretty behaviour, and ran thus:—

'I must not hurt or kill a fly,
For it can feel as well as I.'

[Picture of a naughty little boy killing flies on a window-pane.]

'I must not ugly figures scrawl
With charcoal on a whitewashed wall.'

[Picture of the same Little Pickle sketching a caricature of his dominie on fresh-blanchéd plaster.]

And so on. What was the consequence? I did not, certainly, like the imperial fly-catcher, Domitian, occupy my leisure moments with insect-murder; but the first whited wall I saw offered a *carte blanche* of irresistible temptation to adorn it with frescoes by the aid of burnt stick. I was becoming expert in wooden-poker drawings, when a flagellatory hint cut my progress short. The 'Manual of Proprieties' was cast to the flames.

Notwithstanding which tendency in the popular temper to act exactly contrary to proffered advice, this syllabus of urbanity shall still be enriched with a short catalogue of social errors.

It is an error to stick to the culinary routine which makes to-day's dinner-party the echo of yesterday's, and the second-sighted foretaste of to-morrow's. Is there no fish in the sea, but turbot? None, besides salmon, in the stream? Are certain roasts and boils alone presentable, all the rest being unwholesome, if not poisonous? It is to avoid this monoto-

nous sameness that men betake themselves, in despair, to sundry town dining-places, and relish repasts at German *tables d'hôte*. They would accept a Chinese *chef de cuisine*, and taste hashed dog—though the cookery might be execrable and the hash still worse—for the sake of enjoying a little gastronomic variety. It is the same in other things. You shall see a man neglect a pleasing and pretty wife, to flirt with a stranger, who is coarse, plain, and twice her age. But there is a wide difference between matrimonial and culinary constancy. The one is a virtue, the other a weakness which may give rise to curious mistakes.

A German traveller, well received in London, went a round of dinner-parties. For about the twentieth time, he sat down to fowls at top and ham at bottom. 'Mein Gott!' he exclaimed, 'cock and bacon again! There is nothing to be had but cock and bacon.' And he forthwith entered in his note-book: 'The English live principally on cock and bacon.'

It is an error for people occupying country houses, reached by rail, to invite town friends to dinner at an inclement season of the year. You have half or three quarters of an hour's dreary ride, without even the pleasure of looking out of window. The 'Lodge' or 'Villa' is half a mile away from the station. You reach it by a labyrinth of rutty roads, and enter its wide-open gates with muddy boots and muddled cravat, not to mention a slight tendency to feel a little warm. The Lodge is an ice-house, after your snug London apartment. The dinner—a faultless 'set' entertainment—causes your mind to wander astray amidst last summer's pic-nics and peregrinations, when you dined on the grass in the genial sunshine, picked shrimps, and tipped pale ale, convinced that sandwiches were a wonderful invention, and deserved (as they have done) to immortalize their inventor.

To get back again—ay, there's the rub!—you have to choose between the 9.15 train and the 0.45. You miss the first, and await the second at the station. Next morning, you find yourself practising the

various intonations of which the word 'Tchish-ho!' is capable; and all because Mrs. Montmorency Browne will be unseasonably hospitable.

A family tea-party is also an error—as far as regards those who don't belong to the family. You have crumpets, cakes, and a kiss of the baby. You witness worsted-work and crochet in the course of execution by three worthy women and a half—that is, by a young lady (not yet out) who may be considered as half a woman. You admire George's copy-books and John Josiah's pencil drawings. Mamma asks you to accompany them tomorrow to Kew Gardens, and improve their minds by a botanical lecture; or to get them orders for, and escort them to, the morning performance of the gorgeous pantomime; which—as you are hard pressed to finish a magazine article—is as if she asked you for the moon, or for a ten-pound note. The *soirée* is as lively and interesting as an evening in a 'look-up,' when you are sure of being liberated on a friend's arrival. That friend is half-past ten of the clock, when your hostess requests you to see a lady home. The lady is always elderly, sometimes ugly, occasionally snappish. You offer your arm as bravely as you can, and on depositing your fair companion at her door—only eleven streets out of your way—you take a long breath, as you make straight for home, and relieve your mind with 'No more small family tea-parties for me!'

Bachelors' breakfasts, in England, are mainly confined to lads—to undergraduates, college men—and to sporting circles. Abroad, they are more generally and frequently indulged in by all ages and conditions of men. You sit down at noon to oysters, beefsteaks, truffled fowls, accompanied by sauterne, sherry, champagne, and finishing off with coffee and cognac, to be capped by a concluding glass of liqueur. You rise at three or four flushed and stupid. You have lost the morning, and are good for nothing in the afternoon. You have listened patiently to a considerable number of

pleasant amorous adventures, and have no adventures of the kind to tell in return—or, if you had, would not tell them. You are just beginning to recover yourself, when it is time to go to bed. Is a bachelor's breakfast a success or an error? What would become of the active and intelligent portion of society, if it had to take a bachelor's breakfast every day of its life?

It is quite an error—especially in town—to entertain your friends with home-made music. What with the musical theatres, and what with the organs, it is a great relief to pass an evening without music, in quiet chat, even where the music is tolerably good. But when, for sixpence or a shilling, you can hear better than the best amateur performances, a family concert after dinner is treating you to something for which you did not come. Believe me, the way to be a good musician is, to have to earn your bread by music. The few wealthy exceptions, like Meyerbeer, who have existed, devoting themselves entirely to the art, can scarcely be called non-professionals.

Everybody in France plays the piano, and everybody in France complains of the piano. A piano tax even has been talked of in a serio-comic, hysterical way, half-laughing and half-bewailing. Pianophobia breaks out in all sorts of ways.

'What a dear, delightful creature is Mademoiselle Honorine Longuebourse!' softly sighed young Monsieur Mabilles.

'Delightful indeed!' echoed Charles Le Beau. 'Nineteen; clear complexion; black hair; blue eyes.'

'She has two hundred thousand francs down on her wedding-day.'

'An only daughter, too, with a rich bachelor uncle in failing health. Delightful!'

'And—most delightful!—she can't play the piano. By-the-way, I am looking out for an apartment.'

'With a south aspect, of course?'

'Oh, no, indeed!'

'You prefer the north?'

'Not the least in the world. I want an apartment, north or south, on the first floor or on the fifth, big

or little, dear or cheap, if I can only get out of the way of pianos.'

'That is all? I only wish you may find it! Do you go to Madame Bellefleur's party to-night?'

'I should think not, indeed. Nobody goes there.'

'Why don't they go? Madame Bellefleur is charming, her house is perfect, and everything is done on the most liberal scale.'

'I should like to know how people *can* go, when her daughters do nothing but play duets on the piano.'

In the country, nevertheless, domestic music is a great resource—for the people who make it. And if knots of music-makers like to congregate and club their individual noises into one composite whole, there is no harm done. They have a perfect right to play the part of both performers and audience. They have no next-door neighbours to complain of the annoyance. If the invitation specifies, as it ought in such cases, that you are to have amateur music, you are forewarned and therefore forearmed, and can use your own discretion about going or staying away. There may, however, happen to be a balance of interests in the case—a nice equilibrium of attraction and repulsion. The supper may hold out a compensation for the infliction of discord and ill-kept time; one young lady's pleasant talking voice may make up for another's ballad sung touchingly out of tune. A gay little dance after the concert may dispel the gloom engendered by sonatas and symphonies. But generally speaking, there is a sentiment I would recommend to the purveyors of drawing-room music:—'May the evening's amusement bear the morning's criticism!'

But if you *will* deliberately throw yourself in the way of amateur music, or if you fall in with it by chance, you must take the consequences, and bear them manfully and politely. However discordant the sounds emitted, however incorrect the time, however much 'out' the tune, you must imitate Talleyrand's imperturbability—of whom it was said that, had he been kicked

behind, his face would have betrayed no symptom of the accident.

When one young lady accompanies her ballad by repeatedly striking the common chord; when another has erased from the music before her all the flats and sharps which incommode her fingers; when the performers of a concerted piece come in at the end one after the other, like horses at a race, you may not relieve your sufferings by giving vent to them; your countenance must express gratification only. In theatres and public concert-rooms, you may disapprove of what is faulty, because you have paid for the right of doing so; although, even then, silence or faint applause is a sufficient punishment of the short-comer's defects. But in private, both good-nature and good manners require you to look pleased, even if you are not so, after members of the company have been doing their best to please you. Any token of disapproval is almost brutal, under the circumstances. When a performance is concluded, you may even breathe a grateful 'Thank you,' without very culpable hypocrisy—seeing that the meaning of those words is capable of sundry interpretations.

If you are asked to sing or play, either do it at once, without requiring to be pressed, or don't do it at all. Be very cautious about doing it. In the first place, be sure that you can do it. It is painful to see a young gentleman looking up to the ceiling for the remainder of the words of a song, or feeling for them in his hair, and not finding them; it is provoking to hear a pianist break down in a passage through defective memory or execution. Secondly, be sure of your style, especially in unaccustomed circles. What is considered very fine in one set, may be thought very commonplace in another. What is relished in London, may not suit Paris; what is applauded in Berlin, may be coldly listened to by Italian ears.

While music is being executed—whether in the good or the bad sense of the word—talking is not polite; humming the air is a nuisance to others; beating time

absurd, because you will mostly beat it wrong; and exaggerated applause and admiration ridiculous. The last demonstration has been carried in Paris to a degree which it would be difficult to surpass. A certain pianist had ladies in his pay, at the rate of twenty-five francs per concert, whose duty was to faint with delight at his inimitable performance.

One evening, however, a lady, paid to faint, deserted her post by falling asleep. Reckoning on the fainting of this female to interrupt the finale of a concerto, the pianist started his allegro at a speed impossible for human fingers to continue. But no fainting came to his relief. What could he do in that calamity? He did what the lady ought to have done, and fainted himself; people crowded round him; they carried him out of the room. The faintress, waking, really fainted through vexation at having forgotten to faint.

The above are errors occurring in respectable society, in *The World*, *Le Monde*; there are others to be warned against. The *Demi-Monde* is a bottomless pitfall.

However hard up a young man abroad—say in Paris—may be for means of amusing his after-dinner hours, it is an error for him to suppose that he will come to anything but grief by associating with the persons known as lorettes. It is impossible to ignore the existence of a class which has furnished a heroine to Her Majesty's and other musical theatres; better is it to speak the truth about them. The *Dame aux Camélias* of Dumas's novel, and the *Traviata* of Verdi's opera, are as unlike real nature as the mermaid or the sphynx. *Filles de Marbre*, *Hearts of Stone*, is the aptest title ever applied to them.

The author of '*La Nouvelle Babylon*' informs us that there are not two lorettes in Paris. There is but one—her sketched by Gavarni—the same countenance, the same spirit. Of this type there are innumerable duplicates, as like to each other as the herrings in a barrel. The only way of distinguishing them, morally, would be

to ticket them No. 1, No. 2, up to No. 1001.

With the experience of age united to the audacity of youth, the lorette, ever greedy after her prey, is mistress of herself on the field of battle; on her forehead you read the word 'Defiance.' Woo be to the man who loves her; she will ruin him with the unsparing determination of the North devastating the Southern States. Woo be to him who offends her; she will not wait long for her revenge.

'Are you expert with the small sword?' a lorette inquired of a young man who was warmly attached to her.

'Tolerably. But why?'

'You must quarrel with the Marquis de C., and kill him.'

'But why should I quarrel with him? I don't even know him.'

'You will fight him; if not, adieu!'

Not long afterwards, a couple of hackney carriages, at daybreak,

rolled silently over the snowy road, and stealthily entered the Bois de Boulogne.

Two men got out of them, each accompanied by a couple of friends. They crossed swords, at first with great circumspection, each studying his adversary's mode of fence. Suddenly, the arm of one darted out to its full length, like a projectile. The Marquis de C—— clapped his hand to his heart, and uttered a stifled cry. He tottered, set one step backwards, and fell with his whole weight into his second's arms. He gazed on his vanquisher with glassy eyes, and asked, 'I never saw you before last night; why have you killed me?'

'Because that woman would have it so.'

This is not an imaginary anecdote. Out of nine duels fought in Paris, eight are sure to be for a lorette; and she mostly has something to do with the ninth.



CURIOSITIES OF FASHION:

In the Matter of Love-Letters.

['Heaven first sent letters for some wretch's aid—
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid:
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.'—POPE.

OF course you have them now, dear madam, safely stored away in some treasure-casket, whose key is never at your husband's command. You would not wish him to know—men are so presuming!—how dearly you cherish those faded pages, where, in language not particularly logical, he poured out the strong affection of his manly soul. You would not—strange reserve of love!—no, you would not, for any bribe, permit him to see how valued is the least scrap and fragment which recalls to you the happy days of yore, when your cheek blushed and your heart beat just at a whisper in your ear and a pressure of your hand! Silly work are some—are most of those letters which you hoard up with such jealous care; and were they read by a clever counsel before twelve respectable householders, what shouts of laughter would peal through the amused court! and the next morning, what long and titillating extracts would they furnish for the daily papers! But you would not surrender them, nevertheless, for untold sums. Each blotted line, each time-stained page, is sacred in your eyes. Love takes no heed of sounding periods; love cares little for the rules of grammar or canons of criticism; and *you*, dear madam, *you* see no faulty sentences—detect no inharmonious phrases, for you read with the eyes of affection! It is the sweetest of all music which those blurred pages breathe; a strain of divinest inspiration, gliding through the long-lapsed years like the echo of a remembered song, and summoning before us, as if by a magician's spell, the bright and beautiful days of our young life, when first we felt the soul sway to and fro in the rushing current of the new love.

Swift, we are told—that heart of ice with deep fire seething in its

centre—wrote upon the paper which enclosed a tress cut from poor Stella's wealth of auburn locks, 'Only a woman's hair.' And unthinking critics have pointed to this as an indication of his cold and cynical nature. But, ah, what a history underlies those few but pregnant words! 'Only a woman's hair!' Even as he wrote the words, a tear—I am sure of it—fell upon them; and in after-hours, as with dim eyes and shaking hand he would take up the precious packet, those words, 'Only a woman's hair!' would enter, like the iron, into his very soul, and he would bethink him of all the hopes, and joys, and, alas! the agonies and the doubts which they had known together, he and the sad, beautiful woman whose golden tress recalled him to the past.

And so with the love-letters which you and I, dear reader, hide away so heedfully, all jealous, as we are, of curious eyes and mocking lips. They are landmarks which remind us of the various stages of our journey. Alas! too often they are like warning seers, who bid us remember our past innocence, our present self-abasement. Look! look! This is but a sheet of yellow note-paper, crossed with some twenty lines, now scarcely legible. Why, then, does my heart throb, and throb, each throb beating against my breast with a *thud* like the sudden sound of a death-bell? My hand shakes as I seize the paper, and—yes, it is even so—my eyes are warm with blinding tears. Do I not know that handwriting, though it is some eight or nine—but it matters not how many—years since first I saw it? How often have I gazed upon that name—that name, dearer to me, even now, than all others borne by the daughters of Eve! Have I not gazed upon it for hours, ay, for

still, solitary, happy hours, seated in my lonely chamber, and forming brighter visions than ever were born of a poet's fancy! *Marian!* I have taken my pen, I confess it, and written that one name, and nothing but that name, all over sheets of foolscap, in every variety of penmanship. I wonder whether she bears that name in heaven, for thither she was called away while yet her loveliness was ripe for earth!

Then, the first love-letter! Tell me, Mr. Frank, you splendid young fellow, so gay at the waltz, so knowing at the Adelphi, so victorious and irresistible everywhere, have you not that first mysterious missive safe under lock and key even now? And do you not, spite of your blithe boasts and pseudo-witticisms, set greater store by that little note than by all the curious collection of articles common to 'fast young men'? We have all of us in our hearts—deep down at times it is true, but nevertheless it is *there*—a consciousness of the holiness and beauty of love. We know it is too fair and blessed a thing to be bandied about from one to another with a coarse jest. No man ever associates the name of the woman he really loves with a loose witticism or a double entendre. We criticise the ankles of little Lucille, but are silent upon the charms of Kate, Caroline, or Louise.

And you, my dear Miss Helen, you, so crushing upon us poor men when you see us at your feet in the drawing-room; you, so triumphant in all the fascinations of high-heeled bottines and Ondina japon, have you not in some secret hiding-place, or, mayhap, close to that gentle heart of yours, the few sprawling, hasty lines which you first received from your (then) dear Alfred? He is not your dear Alfred now. You danced three polkas this very evening with young George Vaughan of the Guards, while Alfred danced just as many valsees with pretty Mabel Bird, the Kentish beauty; and I know you are now engaged to George, and a very happy couple, I doubt not, you will make. But the first love-letter is, as I think somebody else has observed, an era in a woman's existence. It is the first re-

cognition of her power and influence. It opens the flood-gates at once of that tide of passion which is a woman's very life. She feels that, at last, she understands her destiny. She has something to live for—to love, and to be loved. No wonder that she treasures it! Better, in too many cases, to preserve the first, to burn the last!

Nor are love-letters unimportant as revelations of character. When the reserve of our nature is broken down by the strong force of passion we suffer something of our real self to escape us. Our thoughts are not impostures, our feelings are not pretences. We become for the moment *what we are*, and the haunted depth of the heart is revealed to the one we love. Away with the mask, the visor, which we wear in the conventional deceptions of society! Amanda must see us without disguise. She will see us without disguise, for if we sought to deceive her, love, like Ithuriel's spear, would reveal the falsehood.

Therefore, to the present writer, a certain interest has always attached to the love-letters of those whom the world calls eminent persons—famous beauties, heroes and heroines, men of letters, women of fashion, kings and demireps, poets and philosophers. I fancy that in those passionate missives I see something of the real character, something of the weaknesses and pettinesses of these illustrious men and women whom society has regarded with awe, astonishment, or admiration. Napoleon writes to Josephine, and see the stern impassible chief, who moved before men a man of iron, can burn with the intensest passion, has, though the world knows it not, a soul of fire, a heart of flame! So, too, burly King Hal, who spared no man in his anger, no woman in his lust, writes to Anne Boleyn; and behold how very a slave he becomes to beauty! How he humbles himself before the coy lady who 'would and who would not!' Equally so do we see the real self of Pope in his letters to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; of Dean Swift in his letters to Vanessa; and perhaps our children reading

Louis Napoleon's letters to Eugenie—if, indeed, that silent, phlegmatic nature could ever break loose from the chains of his self-reserve—shall know something more of his 'inner self' than their mystified forefathers could discover.

In one of Vanessa's pretty chiding letters to Swift occurs a passage which may be offered as an excuse, if any be needed, for the present paper. 'I am sorry,' she says, 'my jealousy should hinder you from writing any more love-letters.' Yes, for it is the very bloom and summer of our lives while we receive and write these precious missives. We are all sorry, men and women, when the bright hours have vanished into the irrevocable past; when we feel that no more shall the clasp of the hand, and the lip closing upon lip, and the arm wound about the throbbing heart, be for us what they have been; when we cease to be watchers beneath windows, and misers hoarding up old gloves and faded ribbons! Ah me! There is something infinitely respectable, and there is a calm happiness which I, God wot, am the last to underrate in married life. But now again comes the swift joy, comes the rare enchantment, the *purpureum lumen* which love sheds over the virgin years! Louisa and Frank, Arthur and Kate are heroes and heroines, gods and goddesses! Mr. and Mrs. John Smith are excellent sober householders, and a credit to their parish.

But in the matter of love-letters, Fashion, as in so many other matters, has played its vagaries, and the billet of to-day differs very much, I believe, in form and colour, from the billet of yesterday. Judging from the specimens one occasionally sees in the newspapers, or from those submitted to one's criticism by confiding friends, one would conclude that the *laissez faire* tone which pervades all society—the air of free, easy, and undignified familiarity which prevails in too many circles—has seized upon our love-letters. Ladies are no longer beings to be worshipped, but 'girls' to be wooed, 'chafed,' and poked fun at! We have poets now-a-days, and poets may possibly in-

dite missives as sentimental and romantic as those which made the cheeks blush and the eyes glow of the daughters of the Jacobite chevaliers or Hanoverian squires. But looking only at the *οἱ πολλοί*—at the great mass of young men and maidens—who but must admit that there is lacking in their 'love-letters' the chivalry of tone, the high courtesy, and exalted feeling which were 'fashionable' in the days of old? There are love-letters in Mr. Addison's 'Spectator.' There are love-letters in some of Mr. Anthony Trollope's easy and agreeable novels. How wide the gulf between them! How complete the change from the high-bred courtesy of the times of furbelows, farthingales, and ruffles, to the light familiarity of the days of expansive crinolines and dainty Balmorals!

I have before me the 'Letters and Works of Lady Wortley Montagu.' They shall supply my readers with some examples of the style in which a pair of lovers corresponded a century and a half ago. First, let us hear the lady: *Hommage aux dames!* Lady Mary Pierrepont thus addresses Mr. Wortley Montagu:—

'[April 25] 1710.

'I have this minute received your two letters. I know not how to direct to you, whether to London or the country; or if in the country, to Durham or Wortley. 'Tis very likely you'll never receive this. I hazard a great deal if it falls into other hands, and I write for all that. I wish, with all my soul, I thought as you do; I endeavour to convince myself by your arguments, and am sorry my reason is so obstinate, not to be deluded into an opinion, that 'tis impossible a man can esteem a woman. I suppose I should then be very easy at your thoughts of me; I should thank you for the wit and beauty you give me, and not be angry at the follies and weaknesses; but to my infinite affliction, I can believe neither one nor t'other. One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would

find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next: neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that anything could oblige me to flatter anybody. Was I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised?

'If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

'As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. When people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. When you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects, which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished, but there is no returning from a *dégoût* given by satiety. * * *

'Make no answer to this, if you can like me on my own terms. 'Tis not to me you must make the proposals; if not, to what purpose is our correspondence?

'However, preserve me your friendship, which I think of with a great deal of pleasure, and some vanity. If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate.'

Fancy the surprise of Mr. Charles Brown, of the Shrimpton Light Volunteers, at receiving such an epistle from Miss Arabella Jones, of Laurel Villa, Camberwell! How would he cudgel his brains to prepare an appropriate answer! How would he sink, overpowered, beneath its lofty condescension, its proud humility, its exalted candour! 'I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love.' 'Was ever woman in such humour wooed?' would be Mr. Brown's very natural interrogation. And the elegant self-appreciation of that concluding sentence:—'If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate.' Brown, in a state of mental perturbation at the earlier part of the missive, would certainly collapse before this last and matchless stroke!

It is true that every lady is not a Mary Pierrepont; but Mary Pierrepont now-a-days would write, I fancy, in a very different strain. Fashion has modified the tone of Society, and Society intrudes even into the towers of Love and Venus.

But let us see how Lady Mary's *inamorato* sustained his share of the amatory correspondence:—

'Every time you see me you give me a fresh proof of your not caring for me, yet I beg you will meet me once more. How could you pay me that great compliment of your loving the country for life, when you would not stay with me a few minutes longer? Who is the happy man you went to? I agree with you, I am often so dull, I cannot explain my meaning; but will not own the expression was so very obscure, when I said if I had you,

I should act against my opinion. What need I add? I see what is best for me; I condemn what I do, and yet I fear I must do it. If you can't find it out that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister, who agrees with you in everything else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you don't care for me, and that you will like me less and less every year, perhaps every day of your life. You may, with a little care, please another as well, and make me less timorous. It is possible I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance; and if I should be preferred by a woman for being the first among her companions, it would give me as much pleasure as if I were the first man in the world. Think again, and prevent a great misfortune from falling on both of us.

'When you are at leisure, I shall be as ready to end all as I was last night, when I disobliged one that will do me hurt, by crossing his desires, rather than fail of meeting you. Had I imagined you could have left me without finishing, I had not seen you. . . .

'I think a man or a woman is under no engagement till the writings are sealed; but it looks like indiscretion even to begin a treaty without a probability of concluding it. When you hear of all my objections to you, and to myself, you will resolve against me. Last night you were much upon the reserve; I see you can never be thoroughly intimate with me; 'tis because you have no pleasure in it. You can be easy and complaisant, as you have sometimes told me; but never think that enough to make me easy, unless you refuse me.

'Write a line this evening, or early to-morrow. If I don't speak plain, do you understand what I write? Tell me how to mend the style, if the fault is in that. If the characters are not plain, I can easily mend them. I always comprehend your expressions, but would give a great deal to know what passes in your heart.

'In you I might possess youth, beauty, and all things that charm.

It is possible that they may strike me less, after a time; but I may then consider I have once enjoyed them in perfection, that they would have decayed as soon in any other. You see this is not your case. You will think you might have been happier. Never engage with a man unless you propose to yourself the highest satisfaction from him or none other.'

While turning over the lively pages of Lady Wortley Montagu, I light upon a Turkish love-letter, which may not inappropriately be included among the Curiosities of Fashion. 'I have got for you,' she writes to a female correspondent, 'a Turkish love-letter, which I have put in a little box, and ordered the captain of the "Smyrniote" to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows: The first piece you should pull out of the purse is a little pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and should be understood in this manner:—

INGI. Senin Güzelerin ingi.

PEARL. Fairest of the young.

CARENİL. Carenilisen cararen yök,

CLOVE. Omgü gulümün tımarın yök,

Bensmy cök than severim,

Senin benden, haberin yök.

You are as slender as this clove!

You are an unblown rose!

I have long loved you, and you

have not known it!

FUL. Derdinin derdinin bul.

SONQUIL. Have pity on my passion!

KIHAT. Biriherum sahat sahat,

PAPER. I faint every hour!

ERNUR. Ver bise bir umut.

PEAR. Give me some hope!

JARAN. Derdinden oldum zabun.

SOAP. I am sick with love!

CHENUR. Ben oligün size umur.

COAL. May I die, and all my years be yours!

GUL. Ben agırlım sen gül.

A ROSE. May you be pleased, and all your sorrows mine!

HANIR. Ollım sana yasir

A STRAW. Suffer me to be your slave.

JO HA. Utunme bulunmas pabu.

CLOTH. Your price is not to be found.

TARTEN. Sen gıel ben çekim senin hargin.

CINHANON. But my fortune is yours.

GIRA. Eeking-ilen oldum ghıra,

A MATCH. I burn, I burn! my flames consume thee!

SEIDNA. Usunu benden a yirma ma.
GOLD THREAD. Don't turn away your face.

SATIN. Barmasum laich.
HAIR. Crown of my head!

UZUM. Benim iki Guzum.
GRAPE. My eyes!

TEL. Ulgornim tes ghel.
GOLD WIRE. I die—come quickly!

'And, by way of postscript,

BIBER. Bisi bir gm haber.

PEPPER. Send me an answer.

'You see this letter,' continues Lady Mary, 'is all verses, and I can assure you there is as much fancy shown in the choice of them as in the most studied expressions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.'

The knights of old and their lady-loves communicated their sentiments in a similar fashion. Stout Sir Roger and gallant Sir Galahad were ill able to handle a pen, or express their thoughts on paper; and a flower, a glove, a ring, were the interpreters of their passion. I am not sure but that in this year of enlightenment, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty Five, the introduction of a love-language in flowers and similar tokens would be a great convenience to London Society! It would tend to put the rough and hearty lover more on a level with the accomplished swain who has 'Murray's Grammar' and the 'Complete Letter-Writer' at his fingers' ends. Fancy the relief, mental and moral, of the man unaccustomed to 'Webster's Dictionary,' who would go into the fragrant arcades of Covent Garden, and there select a bouquet of the most passionate meaning—equal in delicacy of compliment and intensity of thought to the nosegay put together by Fitzplantagenet the poet!

Passing over four centuries and a half, let us see how a king addressed the lady of his love, and in what manner the proud and pas-

sionate Tudor expressed his royal passion. I am pleased to fancy that Anne Boleyn received the *billet* I am about to quote when seated one calm summer evening in the recess of the old oriel window at Hever Hall. I doubt not but that her cheek flushed, and her bosom heaved, and her eyes gleamed as she read the glowing lines—but with ambition, not with love—for we know that the volatile beauty was attracted, as far as might be, to the gallant Sir Thomas Wyatt. Truly, the bluff monarch who, not content with ladies' hearts, must needs have ladies' heads, could woo in most impassioned language, and 'roar like any nightingale.' Thus he writes:—

'To my Mistress.

'As the time seems very long since I heard from you, or concerning your health, the great love I have for you has constrained me to send this bearer, to be better informed both of your health and pleasure, particularly because since my last parting with you I have been told that you have entirely changed the mind in which I left you, and that you neither mean to come to court with your mother, nor any other way; which report, if true, I cannot enough marvel at, being persuaded in my own mind that I have never committed any offence against you. And it seems hard, in return for the great love I bear you, to be kept at a distance from the person and presence of the woman in the world that I value the most; and if you love me with as much affection as I hope you do, I am sure the distance of our two persons would be equally irksome to you, though this does not belong so much to the mistress as to the servant.

'Consider well, my mistress, how greatly your absence afflicts me. I hope it is not your will that it should be so; but if I heard for certain that you yourself desired it, I could but mourn my ill-fortune, and strive by degrees to abate my folly. And so, for lack of time, I make an end of this rude letter, beseeching you to give the bearer

evidence in all he will tell you from me.

'Written by the hand of
'Your entire Servant,
'HENRY R.'

Most of my readers will be familiar with the story of the loves of the Lady Arabella Stuart and Mr. William Seymour; a story that once excited a great emotion in the breast of London Society. Few of the tender letters that passed between the unfortunate lovers have been preserved, though in the dreary hours of Arabella's imprisonment she often consoled herself with committing her thoughts and feelings to paper.

'Where London's Tower its turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faire Arabella, child of woe!
For many a day had sat and sighed.

'And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the beake winds roare,
As fast did heave her heartfult sighes,
And still so fast her teares did poure!'

Over the following letter, which is preserved among the Harleian MSS., her tears may probably have poured. It breathes a spirit of very true and tender love:—

'Lady Arabella to Mr. William Seymour.

'SIR,

'I am exceeding sorry to hear you have not been well. I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it. I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives for it; but if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a swollen cheek at the same time with a cold. For God's sake let not your grief of mind work upon your body. You may see by me what inconveniences it will bring one to; and no fortune, I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself; for *si nous vivons l'age d'un veau*, as Marot says, we may, by God's grace, be happier than we look for, in being supposed to enjoy ourself with his majesty's favour. But if we be not able to live to it, I, for my part, shall think myself a pattern of misfortune, in enjoying

so great a blessing as you so little a while. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you; for wheresoever you be, or in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine! "Rachel wept, and would not be comforted, because her children were no more," and that indeed is the remediless sorrow, and none else! and therefore God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure God's book mentioneth many of his children in as great distress that have done well after, even in this world! I do assure you nothing the state can do with me can trouble me so much as this news of your being ill doth; and you see when I am troubled I trouble you too with tedious kindness, for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being

'Your faithful loving Wife,
'ARABELLA STUART.'

It is not in this wise, I fancy, that ladies now-a-days address their 'own true loves.' It was not thus that the ladies of the Regency addressed the gay beaux who fluttered through the revels of the Carlton. A light and frivolous time begets a light and frivolous love. Fashion steps within the charmed circle of the affections, and at the bidding of her harlequin wand, the sober truth gives way to the meretricious falsehood, and passion becomes a thing for fools to sneer at. That chivalrous idolatry of woman—that delicate recognition of her claims as mother, wife, and sister—that idealization of her sweet qualities and attractive virtues, which shine conspicuous on every page of the elder poets, and infused a certain grace and tenderness into the spirit of the age, has pitifully decayed, and men too often speak of womanhood with irreverent freedom, while womanhood neglects to assert her own pure dignity. And as there can be no love where

there is no respect,* the relations between the sexes are daily growing less frank and genial, and a language of slang and persiflage is usurping the place of the courteous and decorous speech in which our ancestors greeted the maidens they wooed, or the wives they honoured. I do not think that this can be for the good of society. I think that manly virtues are nourished by womanly graces, and that the dignity of woman fosters the manliness and self-respect of man.

Let not fashion, then, sweep away the love-letters in which young and happy hearts express their happiness; in which fond and trusting spirits give utterance to their trust. Still continue, oh friend, to think thy Arabella a peerless lady, and thou, Arabella, to believe thy Frank to be a

loyal and generous knight. Be not ashamed of thy love, but with the great singer of these later times exclaim,

'I hold it true, what'er befall, -
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'

In this, your 'golden prime,' cultivate all noble and tender feelings, all generous sentiments, all high and holy thoughts, so that, in after-years, if haply the tokens of a vanished love should once more fall into your hands, you may look at them with honest pride, not with bitter regret; not with tears and blushes, as reminding you of weakness, and folly, and human error, but with gaze unflinching if sorrowful, as recalling the bright love-dreams of your youth, when your hearts beat with the best impulses and purest affections, and Hope and Faith were the guardian angels of your souls.

* As the gay Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, most sagely sings—

'She that would raise a noble love, must find
Ways to beget a passion for her mind:
She must be that which she to be would seem,
For all true love is grounded in esteem.'



LONDON SHADOWS.

No. I.—*Bread made out of Riber Drift.*

MACHINE-MADE bread is not a recent invention. Years before Mr. Stevens astonished the town, before Dr. Daughish was born, while the good old times of alum and bone-dust still prevailed, and the British Lion was content so that 'some gave him white bread and some gave him brown'—it never occurring to that magnanimous and matter-of-fact beast to apply chemical conjuration to his staff of life—to French-polish it, as one may say, by aëration and non-fermentation, and so augment its gentility that the most dainty stomach might receive it without a shock—bread was made by machinery, and that of a much less complicated character than tends to the production of the patented loaf of modern times.

Nor has the new-fangled machine driven the old one out of the field. It is not likely that it will. No machine, even of American invention, can bear comparison with this old-fashioned one either for simplicity, efficacy, or durability. Its construction involves the use of neither iron, nor brass, nor steel: valves, cranks, and cogs are not material to its economy. Though composed of only flesh and blood and bone it is tougher than hammered iron; it seldom gets out of order, rarely blows up, and, more important than all, it consumes an amazing small amount of fuel. It has arms and hands, and is set up on two legs, usually, but can make shift with one leg and a wooden prop; indeed it is sometimes to be met stumping along on two wooden props and no legs at all, and apparently none the worse for the deprivation, as far as its bread-making qualities are concerned. Altogether it is a very admirable machine indeed, and would give universal satisfaction but for this single drawback—it produces no more than it consumes.

This, of course, is a very serious obstacle in the way of its favourable recognition in progressive times like

the present, and fully accounts for the contempt in which these old-fashioned flesh-and-bone built machines are held. There is nothing at all to be got out of them—not even the comfortable consciousness of being entitled to their gratitude, which might ensue could they be persuaded how utterly useless they were, how ugly and out of place, and be induced to withdraw from the business paths of life and accept workhouse shelter.

But this they will never hear of. Even in the case of the utterly legless ones it would be dangerous to broach the subject—more dangerous, possibly, than with the rest, for this sort, to compensate for their imperfection, invariably carry sticks or crutches; and there is no saying to what lengths they might proceed in defence of their freedom and independence. This is the great weakness of the wrong-headed creatures. Like the Guards at Waterloo, 'they don't know when they are beaten;' but, unlike the Waterloo braves, a turn of the untoward tide is with them impossible. They—the wrong-headed ones—are beaten; the flood has receded, never to return, and left them sticking in the mud. And in the mud they stick. On such tender ground they take their stand, turning a deaf ear to those who would help them ashore, and dabbling in the ooze as a make-believe for swimming. Be good enough to mind your own business, will you? They are neither beggars, nor, thank God! paupers. They are as good as you, if it comes to that, for all your dandy clothes. They owe no man thanks for the grist from which their bread is made, and they claim right of way and a share of the pavement with the most respectable ratepayers, and care not how much the public ear is offended by the creaking of their rubbishing mills.

Nor is the law as it at present exists equal to the putting down these wretched machines. They

may not be indicted either on account of the small quantity or the inferior quality of the bread they produce. As to quality, good enough for them is good enough; and it would be scarcely polite to inquire the size of the crust they ate at breakfast-time. Besides, and as before observed, they will keep in working order on wonderfully little fuel; and if from miscalculation, or any little accident, the fire should die out and the machine stop, who is to blame? There were the workhouse doors continually ajar, there was the cheery porter kindly beckoning them to come in out of the cold and make themselves at home. If they didn't like to go in, there was a big new loaf for the fetching—a bigger loaf and a better one than any creaking, crazy machine of the number could hope to produce in a day's labour. But the obstinate things would neither go in and make themselves at home nor accept the big loaf. Vain even were the pleadings of the tender-hearted board of guardians, 'Why, what a silly fellow you are!' said they. 'Why will you insist on grinding your bones to make your bread when here is an asylum in which you may comfortably repose for the remainder of your days? See! here are warm clothes. To-day we dine off boiled mutton and caper sauce. Our bottled stout is highly approved by all whom it is our pleasant duty to entertain. Within there is such a jolly fire as will make your heart glad to see, with Bristol bird's-eye and straw pipes on the mantelshelf. Come, let us conduct you to the common hall, where our happy guests are now assembled!'

Was it meet that the cranky old flesh-and-bone machine should disdainfully reject an invitation so courteously conveyed? Was it right in him to revile the amiable guardians—to wag his head in scornful disbelief as to their boiled mutton, and to tell them flat to their heads that their bread he hated; that he would sooner go hungry than pollute his mouth with its bitterness—sooner potter along his own road, though he made but a dozen sweet

and independent mouthfuls of bread a day—sooner starve outright, as such as he had already done, many and many a time? Was it right in him to use such language? Anyhow he *did* use it. But perhaps he didn't mean it! But he *did* mean it. He said it, and he stumped off radiant and erect as his failing limbs would allow, and renewed his old occupation of grinding his bones to make his bread like a free-born Briton. He doesn't pine for company. A thousand such as he may be found for the seeking in as many odd and out-of-the-way places in and about the great city, all grinding their bones; and they will go on grinding them till they have no longer a leg to stand on.

These crazy old bread-making machines are of all sorts and patterns. Sometimes you may meet them shaped like a woman, with a white thin face and round shoulders and sharp shoulder-blades, ill-concealed by the tattered shawl which covers them, and carrying a bundle—ever carrying a bundle. Her out-of-door existence is spent in carrying a bundle, and never was she yet seen without it. It is impossible to see her without it, because her life is bound up in it. It is the mill in which she grinds her bones to make her bread; and bread and breath being synonymous terms, when the mill stops, why there's an end of it. So she grinds her bones over shirts or trousers or military coats for good Mr. Shadrach, and he supplies her with just enough bread-stuff to keep the mill going. Knowing Mr. Shadrach, the reader may regard this as a contradiction of the previous assertion that these machines yield no man profit. Well, what is Mr. Shadrach's profit? True, he may gain a penny out of a bundle of work, but are his feelings of no account? Is he not touched to the quick of his soul every time the thin woman with the fat bundle approaches his warehouse? Does that wretched penny profit pay even for washing pocket-handkerchiefs tear-soiled in her behalf?

Sometimes the human bread-making machine appears in the

form of a vendor of children's toys—of trumpery little windmills, and tops and balls at the low price of a *farthing* each. This may seem very like exaggeration to grown-up boys and girls, who only know that London has an eastern as well as a western part as a geographical fact—to whom the 'New Cut' may, for all they know to the contrary, mean the projected Suez Canal, and Lambeth Marsh be a good place for wild-duck shooting; nevertheless it is quite true. In each of the places above mentioned, and in many more, in the mob of the roaring, marketing mob, there the farthing toy merchant is to be found, with the battered old tea-tray slung about his neck and piled up with goods, which, supposing him to sell them all—which is not likely—will not realize more than a single shilling. How on earth he makes bread enough out of his business to keep life in him is altogether a mystery. If he makes them—the dolls' bedsteads, the jumping jacks, and the cardboard clocks—himself, he must keep something in the cupboard while he is at work (for the manufacture of more than forty-eight dolls' bedsteads in a single day is hardly possible); and then there is the cost of wood and glue! One day to make, one long evening—from six till twelve, probably—shivering in the cold to sell, for a profit of—ninepence! Six pounds of bread—the Lord of the harvest be thanked that it is as much—for eighteen hours' work! But he must not take it all out in bread; there is lodging to provide, and candle, and a bit of fire, or how will he keep his glue hot? and then how can he get on without a little coffee? and who is to pay—

But where is the use of diving into such fathomless mystery? It is all managed somehow. Without doubt such a life is preferable to one passed in the workhouse, or why don't the farthing-toy merchant avail himself of the hospitable invitation of the guardians? It is not *our* fault that he is not enjoying the boiled mutton and wearing the comfortable clothes. Thank heaven, we can lay our hands on our

poor's-rate receipts in proof of *that* assertion.

The question naturally arises, What is the origin of these unlucky machines? They were not born to it; for if they ground their bones for bread as fast as they grew their arrival at man's estate would be impossible. On this point I have no positive information to lay before the reader; I only know that, having taken to grinding their bones, they are used up not nearly so expeditiously as might be expected. One variety of the species under consideration, and who grinds his bread out of that popular musical instrument the concertina, has haunted our neighbourhood periodically for the last six years. I think he could not have been long at the business when I first made his acquaintance, judging from the newness of his instrument, the glossiness of his hat, and the unkenelish cut of his boots. He had an ear for his own music, too, at that period, and would run over the notes gracefully before he essayed a tune. He would also scowlingly resent the noise made by passing vehicles, and was on one occasion observed to break off in the midst of the *Last Rose of Summer*, and cross the road for the purpose of rebuking and causing to move on a damsel of the neighbourhood, who, in charge of a squalling baby, had composed herself on a doorstep with the intention of availing herself of the concertina's soothing qualities. At that time too, as I recollect, he was somewhat fastidious as to the terms in which you conveyed to him your sense of his deservings. A penny thrown from the window he would pick up gingerly between his finger and thumb, and acknowledge by a supercilious nod directed towards the area railings, as though convinced beyond a doubt that the offering was that of some ill-mannered kitchen person—the cook or the knife-boy. His delight was to come up the front steps and take his earnings at the door. His special delight was to take them wrapped in paper. I remember that twopence was so put up for him on one occasion, and that, setting his gratitude to music, he nearly drove

me 'mad by playing under the window unceasingly for the space of thirty-five minutes by the clock. The more I think of him, with his spotless turn-down collar, and his blacked boots, and his oily hair, the more I am convinced that he was then new to the bone-grinding business. Maybe, however, it was his tremendous polish that prevented the teeth of the crusher biting so quickly as they otherwise would.

That was six years ago. You should see him now! His hair is no longer oily, but crispy and harsh and iron-grey, and his hat has given place to a cap with a peak that hides his eyes. He no longer walks on the pavement. I have a suspicion that what caused him to step into the gutter in the first instance was the increasing shabbiness of his boots, which were thus screened from view in the shadow of the kerb; but his boots never got mended, and so he lost his respectable footing. Grinding his bones to make his bread through a period of six years has quite used him up, nor has it fared better with his concertina. For several months past it has been unequal to such harassing labour as the performance of polkas and popular song tunes involves, and even the particularly sober hymn music, to which it is now invariably applied, it makes out only with the greatest difficulty. When last I heard it, it was attempting the Evening Hymn, and on arriving at 'the ills that I this day have done,' it emitted, in place of a high note, such an agonized gurgling as dismally foreboded its approaching dissolution. There is no use in shaking it, as the machine which works it has of late contracted the 'vicious habit of doing, or in trying to startle it to a sense of propriety by a sudden and vengeful tug, or in halting at the lamp-post to prick up the keys, failing at the knees, as one may say, and shrinking into their sockets as though yearning for burial and peace. Perhaps they have it by this time. Saturday was always his day for enlivening our district, but nothing has been heard of him since the February frost set in.

But it would be a heavy task—

the heavier because it is so very melancholy—to particularize the cases of the various bone-grinders to be met with in the highways and byways of mighty London. Even then the list would not be exhausted. The banks of the river yield yet another variety of the species, and not the least curious, inasmuch as the flesh-and-bone machines there discovered make their bread out of ship-waste and river-drift, out of coal spilt from barges and discarded scraps of rope and bits of iron and black bones long buried in the mud. Though by no means handsome, the bread-makers of this class are not without their commendable qualities. They are brave to face the bleakest weather, to wait on the tides that fall before the sun is up on bitter November mornings, and this although the rags that cover them are so scanty and thin as to be at the mercy of the wind (how the wind comes piping through the bridge arches on a winter morning nobody but those who have experienced it can have a notion), and would probably be blown away only that they are saturated with river water and river fog, and cling tenaciously to the grimy skin they cover.

Of all sorts and sizes are these ingenious machines. Some there are no taller than a walking-stick, and of such childish strength that a capful of coal, or old rope, or black bones, or any such other sort of bread-stuff, is a load they totter under. Some, again, are old and bent with age; and of young and old the sexes are about equal. A hundred times at least, on passing over Blackfriars Bridge in the early morning, have I seen one old lady in particular, who engages in this department of bread-making, and who is herself, from her odd boots to the stubby hair sprouting through her abandoned-looking bonnet, as much like an item of drift as can be imagined. Where she obtained it it is hard to guess, but besides the odd boots and the bonnet, she wears—and always has worn, according to my observation—a black satin gown. Coals appear to be the chief object of her pursuit, and the lengths she will go

for them must be seen to be believed. With her black satin tucked up, I have seen her crawling between the barges where the mud was level with her knees, and, as she stooped, within an inch or so of her nose. At such times she wears her odd boots along round her neck, that she may feel for lumps of coal under the mud with her naked toes. I am glad to add that the quantity she is thus enabled to collect is not inconsiderable. I have seen her toiling up the oozy steps with a sack containing little short of a hundred-weight at her back. I mean to say that since getting coals is her livelihood I am glad she gets so many, but no man with a mother can be glad to see her carry them. In the summer time it is bad enough, but in the winter, when the wharves, and the piles, and the barges are white with frost, and the black mud, by contrast, looks so very black, and the north wind is blowing, and the river is dotted over with lumps of ice, it is not a pleasant sight to see her toiling up these same steps, no longer oozy, but slippery as glass, so that the old lady is obliged to spare a hand from her reeking coal-

sack that she may hold on by the iron railings, with her poor blue shanks, and her flip-flap shoes and icy tricklets from the muddy sack saturating the skirt of black satin and drenching her bent shoulders. Surely it would require all the heat that her load of coals will yield to dry her poor old rags and thaw her benumbed limbs. But the coals in the sack at her back are not to be burnt for her comfort. How is she to get bread to eat if that happens? No! the coals are for sale. She has her regular customers, for she is a fair-dealing old woman, and never adulterates her coals with stones or slates. When coals are cheap her bagful fetches her sixpence; when they are dear, ninepence. Now, to the shivering old soul's bitter misfortune, coals are cheap, so she will have to make shift with sixpence till the tide comes up and goes down again, and then she will be seen trudging off to the river shore again to try what luck it has brought her.

I lay down the pen, for I seem to hear an echo of that song which touched the heart of England:—

'It's oh that bread should be so dear,
And human flesh so cheap!'



HORATIAN ODE.

Dedicated to the Queens of Comedy.

(With a Portrait of Mdlle. Dorian.)

COME, twine me a wreath of roses,
 Sparkling with odorous dew;
 Bring me the lyre,
 With strings of fire,
 Old Horace wont to use;
 For the famous Queens of Comedy must be my theme to-day,
 And Horatian verse will best rehearse
 The list so bright and gay
 Of the Queens of mirth and jollity,
 And wit of rarest quality—
 A glorious array!

Then fill me a sparkling beaker,
 Fill it with beaded champagne,
 The vintage of France;
 For she whose glance
 To celebrate I'm fain
 Is one of the Queens of Comedy who rule by the rolling Seine;
 To whom belong jest, laugh, and song
 As tributes of their reign:
 True Queens of mirth and jollity,
 And wit of rarest quality,
 With beauty to enchain!

Then strike up, pipe and tabor,
 While the young Loves dance around;
 Leap, joyous band,
 All hand in hand,
 To music's merry sound;
 For the fairest Queen of Comedy we honour thus to-day
 With song and dance is a child of France,
 The sunny—*toujours gai*!
 Where the Queens of mirth and jollity,
 And wit of rarest quality,
 Can boast their widest sway.

Then heap up rose and myrtle,
 And scatter perfumed showers,
 While Loves inspire
 My willing lyre
 With their mother's magic powers,
 To hymn this Queen of Comedy, this joyous child of France,
 Who hearts beguiles with nods and smiles,
 And archly-cunning glance;
 A Queen of mirth and jollity,
 And wit of rarest quality,
 Of folly and frivolity,
 Of humour and romance!

ROMANIAN CHURCH

Published by the Church of Romania

(With a Preface by the Author)

Translated into English by the Author

With a Preface by the Author

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Drawn by T. H. Leonard.]

THE LADY IN MUSLIN.

[See Chapter II.]

THE LADY IN MUSLIN.

CHAPTER X.

MARGARET'S TREASURES.

MARGARET'S singing and playing lasted but a short time. She grew as meditative as Gaunt, and leaning her arm on the piano, kept fingering the notes at intervals in a musing, restless manner. Once or twice she looked up hastily, and her eyes always sought Gaunt's face in a way very unflattering to herself, but which allowed her to watch her lonely enough, master of the half-hour to my doings.

Suddenly she seemed to take a resolution. Drawing a deep sigh, she roused herself, gave another of those earnest and yet half-doubtful looks at Gaunt, and then rose up from her seat and left the room.

She was absent scarcely five minutes; and when she returned she resumed her seat, without saying a word to either of us, and again we remained silent and unobserved till supper was announced by the butler.

Supper was in the next room, consisting usually of a cold roast or fowl, on a tray brought in from the room in which we were seated. By night, however, Miss Owenson was saying:—

"It is so chilly this evening. I have ordered supper in the next room, where there is a fire; let us go. I shall quite enjoy a good warm-

The next room was Margaret's personal and sacred favourite, dedicated to her easel, to couches, boxes, trinkets, and other personal property, that were too literary to be introduced into her more orthodox apartments. Here she passed most of her time, how, was a mystery, at any rate solitarily, for into this room no one was admitted.

A fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth, and before it was placed the supper-table, surrounded by very luxurious arm-chairs, and a couple of shaded lamps on the mantelshelf shed a soft, pleasant light all over

the large, rather desolate-looking room.

Margaret sat herself down in one of the chairs by the fire, and leaning over it, began silently and musingly warming her hands. Gaunt, in true English fashion, unconsciously tossed his coat tails under his arms and supported himself against the mantelshelf, while I took my seat opposite the window and watched her canvas.

"I must go," she murmured suddenly, breaking the silence. "your English climate is more miserable; what a temperature for September!"

"Your!" Gaunt answered coldly (he was a little sulky still). "Are we to understand by that very successful year, that you decline any connection with it?"

Miss Owenson shivered slightly. "Certainly. I was born in India, and my bones were not set in England till a year ago last year."

"I suppose you were born in some of our colonies," I said. "I had your name in my list of names."

"No, no," she answered. "I was born in India, and my bones were not set in England till a year ago last year."

The conversation took a queer turn than usual. I don't know whether it was true that Miss Owenson was really unwell, as she alleged, but she was certainly less brilliant and a great deal more maternal and womanly.

I could not help fancying, as she sat there once lean back wearily in her chair, apparently too much engrossed in some train of thought to care whether either of us were thinking of, or regarding her, that it was like the utter weariness of an actor, forcing him to lay aside his rôle, if it were but for a moment. I don't know whether Gaunt noticed it; he ate his supper very silently.



Drawn by T. H. Lamont.]

THE LADY IN MUSLIN.

[See Chapter X.]

THE LADY IN MUSLIN.

CHAPTER X.

MARGARET'S TREASURES.

MARGARET'S singing and playing lasted but a short time. She grew as meditative as Gaunt; and leaning her arm on the piano, kept fingering the notes at intervals in a musing, restless manner. Once or twice she looked up hastily, and her eyes always sought Gaunt's face in a way very unflattering to myself, but which allowed me to watch her freely enough, secure of her inattention to my doings.

Suddenly she seemed to take a resolution. Drawing a deep sigh, she roused herself, gave another of those earnest and yet half-doubtful looks at Gaunt, and then rose up from her seat and left the room.

She was absent scarcely five minutes; and when she returned she resumed her seat, without saying a word to either of us, and again we remained silent and unsocial till supper was announced by the Indian.

Supper was a very light affair, consisting merely of sandwiches and wine, on a tray usually served in the room in which we were sitting. To-night, however, Miss Owenson rose, saying:—

'It is so chilly this evening, I have ordered supper in the next room, where there is a fire; let us go; I shall quite enjoy a good warming.'

The next room was Margaret's special and sacred favourite, dedicated to her easel, to couches, boxes, cabinets, and other personal property, that were too littery to be introduced into her more orthodox apartments. Here she passed most of her time, how, was a mystery, at any rate solitarily, for into this room no one was admitted.

A fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth, and before it was placed the supper-table, surrounded by very luxuriant arm-chairs, and a couple of shaded lamps on the mantelshef shed a soft, pleasant light all over

the large, rather desolate-looking room.

Margaret sat herself down in one of the chairs by the fire, and bending over it, began silently and musingly warming her hands. Gaunt, in true English fashion, unceremoniously tucked his coat tails under his arms and supported himself against the mantelshef, while I took my seat opposite our hostess, and imitated her example.

'I must say,' Margaret exclaimed suddenly, breaking the silence, 'your English climate is most abominable; what a temperature for September!'

'Your!' Gaunt answered coldly (he was a little sulky still). 'Are we to understand by that very scornful *your*, that you decline any connection with it?'

Miss Owenson shivered slightly. 'Certainly: I was born in India, and have never even set foot in England till within the last year.'

'I guessed you were born in some tropical country,' I said; 'but you are of English parentage, are you not?'

She answered simply 'Yes;' and as if wishing there to end the subject, turned to the supper-table and invited us to eat.

The conversation took a graver turn than usual. I don't know whether it was true that Miss Owenson was really unwell, as she alleged, but she was certainly less brilliant and a great deal more natural and womanly.

I could not help fancying, as she more than once leant back wearily in her chair, apparently too much engrossed in some train of thought to care whether either of us were thinking of, or regarding her, that it was like the utter weariness of an actor, forcing him to lay aside his rôle, if it were but for a moment. I don't know whether Gaunt noticed it: he ate his supper very silently

that night, and when he did address Miss Owenson, it was certainly in a graver, more studied manner than was habitual to him.

Towards the end of supper, our conversation, after continuing the subject of Margaret's parentage, turned on the distinguishing marks of children born in India of English parents, also on the difference of the characteristics of those born in the Western or Eastern Indies.

From that we passed on to discuss the possibility of detecting the mixture of races, even to many generations. Gaunt had passed some years in the West Indies, and could speak on the matter from actual observation, and he and Margaret grew eager in the discussion.

'I will show you two or three portraits,' Margaret exclaimed suddenly, 'and you shall tell me if, among them, you can detect the one who is of mixed blood.'

As she spoke she rose and went to one of the cabinets and brought out four or five little morocco cases, which she laid on the table before her. The first she opened and passed to us both, as we approached each other to look at the same time.

It was a soft fair face of a woman of apparently thirty years, remarkable more for the beauty of the painting than for the portrait itself.

'Not there, certainly,' we both said.

She passed us another, brightening up the glass lovingly, before she did so.

The picture was of a young girl, very like to Miss Owenson, though not so handsome and much younger.

We examined it with interest, and both exclaimed: 'A sister, surely.' Miss Owenson shook her head and smiled.

The third was of a middle-aged man; the fourth, a youth in a military uniform. Gaunt bent over them earnestly. If black blood were there, though many generations removed, it was certainly difficult to detect. Dick grew more intent; and meanwhile I looked anxiously for the fifth and last, which those fair hands seemed so loth to part with.

Miss Owenson turned the little case round and round, touched the

spring, but did not open it, dusted it, looked at Gaunt earnestly, then dropped it back into her lap, and looked over Dick's shoulder at the two portraits he was examining. I saw, however, that she was thinking very little of what she was doing. Her cheek, hitherto pale, was flushing, and her eyes growing brighter and brighter, as from some mental excitement.

'Well,' Dick suddenly exclaimed, 'and the fifth?'

One instant, only one instant, she hesitated; then, touching the spring, she opened the case, and laid it before him.

He gave a glance at it—then—he did not start or exclaim—but he turned sharply and looked at her.

Margaret, perhaps, had expected that, for she was thrown back in her chair, her face so placed as to be quite shaded from the light.

Gaunt's look and gesture were so strange, that they would have struck the most careless looker-on, and I immediately arose and looked over his shoulder. I started back, exclaiming—'Cecile!'

The portrait was of a very young woman of the most perfect creole beauty that I had ever seen, but so exactly like little Cecile, that I could have imagined it hers, aged a few years by the artist's fancy.

'What a wonderful likeness!' I exclaimed, gazing at the lovely face. 'Has it never struck you before?' I added, turning to Miss Owenson.

She raised herself quietly, but I fancy it was with an effort she answered calmly: 'When I first saw Cecile, her face seemed familiar: it was only in turning over some old treasures yesterday that I lighted upon this portrait and found it was this that she resembled so much.'

Gaunt still silently examined the picture. He was frowning in a perplexed, thoughtful manner, and I could see there was a portion of annoyance mixed with the perplexity.

Suddenly he asked in a grave voice, but without looking up, 'Were you personally acquainted with this lady?'

'No. The picture was given me, among some other portraits, as a

model of creole beauty,' Miss Owenson answered slowly, and with almost an effort; and I noticed (for my eyes regarded her intently) that a flash of anger illumined her countenance for an instant.

Gaunt continued his silent gaze.

'I was wondering this afternoon,' Margaret said presently very quietly, 'when I came so unexpectedly on that picture, if Cecile could be any relation, the likeness is so wonderful.'

Her eyes were fixed on Gaunt as she spoke, and mine also sought his face. What would he reply to that observation which seemed to touch so nearly on the question of Cecile's parentage?

He was silent for some instants, frowning more and more grimly every moment. Judging by his countenance, my poor friend was carrying on a momentous and difficult argument with himself which puzzled him not a little.

Presently he looked up and said slowly, evidently weighing carefully each word, 'The likeness is so striking that it puts relationship beyond a doubt. Have you any recollection of the person who gave you this portrait, and are you aware of how that person became possessed of it?'

These little formal sentences were additional proofs to my mind, knowing my friend's peculiarities, that he was embarrassed. If Miss Owenson were a skilful questioner she could, I felt sure, obtain without much difficulty the information she wanted.

She drew her hand meditatively across her forehead.

'I was in the habit of collecting portraits at that time,' she said, 'it was one of my whims. Probably I received it from some picture-dealer in Calcutta, where I was living in the years '60-61. Is there any date on the portrait?'

Dick turned it over hastily, passing his thumb along one of the sides. Margaret watched him anxiously.

'No,' he answered, suddenly laying it down; 'there is no mark or date whatsoever.'

'It is certainly wonderfully like

your little niece,' Margaret again hazarded more boldly this time, and laying a certain stress on the word 'niece.'

'Yes,' Gaunt replied; 'but what puzzles me so is how it could have fallen into your hands, and in the East, too.'

'You recognize it as that of a relation,' Margaret said hurriedly.

'No,' he answered coldly. 'I only recognize its wonderful resemblance to Cecile. So wonderful, indeed, that if I dared I should ask you a great favour.'

'To give it you!' She drew it towards her, closed it carefully, shaking her head. 'The handsomest of all my collection. Mr. Gaunt, you ask too much.'

'I feared so,' Dick answered significantly, and rising as he spoke. 'Mark, do you know it is eleven o'clock?'

Miss Owenson lounged back in her chair, apparently heedless of our preparation for departure, but with her black, and, to-night, glittering eyes fixed on Gaunt. Dick, however, stood turned slightly from her, waiting for me to finish my search after hat, gloves, &c., and then instead of approaching, as usual, to give the warm shake of the hand, he merely bowed a good-night across the table.

Margaret arose, and drawing herself up proudly, held out her hand. 'Mr. Gaunt,' she exclaimed,—and Dick could not help turning and coming back—'is the picture to be the price of your civility?'

'Certainly not,' he replied, taking her hand.

'Your friendship, then?'

'I should consider it the greatest mark you could give me of yours,' he answered eagerly.

'Good-night, then,' she said coldly.

'Good-bye,' Gaunt replied.

CHAPTER XI.

A QUIET TALK.

'Who is she? who can she be?' Gaunt exclaimed, as with his arm tucked through mine we sauntered slowly down the road towards the

inn. 'Did you observe her? Well, she gave me that portrait to look at with a purpose, I could swear.'

'No doubt,' I answered; 'but with what purpose you alone can guess.'

I don't know whether Dick understood my words as a delicate hint that he might profit by my sagacity if he would be confidential, but he certainly answered very gruffly, 'Oh, of course—of course.'

We walked on, Dick leaning heavily on my arm, and evidently very much engrossed with some unpleasant thoughts; I discussing with myself if gallantry and honour demanded silence on my part on that afternoon's adventure, and Margaret's private sign that even- ing more than friendship for Gaunt, claimed my good offices to warn him that the woman to whom he was, I feared, gradually attaching himself, had her own little mysteries and histories too, which she wished to guard from his eye especially.

I am not partial to the office of watchman; and had it not been for the latter part of the evening's occurrence, and Dick's evident annoyance, I should certainly have left my friend to steer himself safely through the rocks and shoals surrounding womankind, and only wished him *bon voyage*. As it was, however, in spite of Dick's unflattering reserve, I felt it a duty I owed to our long friendship, while I kept as far as I could my tacit engagement with Miss Owenson, to warn him that he was quite right to ask the question—Who is she? and also not to flatter himself he could guess the answer easily. I conveyed my warning in the very fewest words possible just before we separated for the night, and, as is the case in most instances of disinterested friendship, I had the pleasure of seeing that Dick took little notice of what I said, or rather regarded it as a superfluous exhibition of zeal on my part. Such is man!

My damp ride gave me a feverish, uncomfortable night, and feeling anything but sentimentally inclined,

I rose earlier than usual the next morning and descended to the garden.

It was a damp, heavy morning, and unusually cool; and I no sooner felt the chilly air come rushing to meet me through the open door than I most heartily repented of having left my bed at such an early hour. Repentance was, however, rather late, so lighting a cigar, I sauntered disconsolately down the still damp gravel walk to the road.

There were few persons out, and I continued my walk and my meditations, which were neither of them of the most cheering description, without interruption, till I arrived opposite the front entrance of the cottage. Every blind was down, and, to judge by the profound repose reigning round the house, its occupants, as regarded early rising, departed from their imitation of Eastern habits.

I passed on, and continued my walk slowly in the direction I had taken yesterday. I had scarcely passed the house twenty yards, when from a road branching off from that along which I was walking, came a closed carriage, with, to my surprise, Miss Owenson's Indian servant sitting on the coach-box. On the top of the fly was a small trunk, and in the inside I just caught sight of the outline of a female figure leaning as far back as possible. Was it going away or coming in?

I turned and gazed without any attempt to disguise my curiosity, and I saw the carriage drive quickly up to the gate of the cottage, the Indian descend from his seat, and then assist the lady to alight. There was no mistaking the tall figure and graceful deportment. Whether Miss Owenson had seen me from the carriage I know not, but directly she reached the ground she turned towards me, and advancing a few steps held out her hand.

She wore a thick blue shawl, her veil was thrown back, and as the flowers and ribbons of her bonnet, of the same bright blue, rested against her blonde hair and creamy cheek, I thought I had never seen her look to such advantage.

'What brings you out so early?'

she exclaimed; 'surely not the charms of the morning.'

'The discomforts of a bad night,' I replied; 'but I am sure the same reason has not sent you for your drive.'

'No; I slept remarkably well.' As she spoke she moved slowly towards the house. 'Come in,' she added, turning suddenly, 'chance has thrown a good opportunity in our way for a quiet talk.'

I followed her into the cottage, and was not sorry to find that our 'quiet talk' was to be carried on beside a bright fire that blazed in the room in which we had supped the previous evening.

'Where do you think I have been?' Margaret said, as, throwing aside her bonnet, she came and sat down opposite me by the fire.

'Perhaps to the cottage again,' I answered quietly.

'A very good guess—'tis even so,' she replied with a peculiar kind of frankness, more its imitation, I fancied, than the genuine article, however. 'I dare say,' she continued in the same tone, 'that my conduct puzzled you last night; this morning shall I be able to explain it without puzzling you more?'

'Probably not,' I answered serenely. 'Miss Margaret Owenson delights in mysteries, I know.'

'And suppose that mystery and manœuvring are forced on Miss Margaret Owenson—that no choice is left her?'

'Mystery and manœuvring for what?'

Instead of answering my question, Margaret Owenson gave me a quick look, as much as to say, 'You are quite mistaken if you think to surprise me;' then, leaning back in a very becoming attitude, she played coquettishly with her chain.

'Suppose,' she said, suddenly looking up with the same coquettish air, 'suppose all the mystery and manœuvring were smoke—the prank of a wild girl who has too much freedom and boldness, and enough money at her command to gratify her every whim?'

'Suppose,' I answered in my turn, 'that I have my opinion in the mat-

ter, and wear such good spectacles that no one can throw dust in my eyes?'

'In that case Margaret Owenson bows to Mark Owen,' she replied, inclining her head, but with a quick colour mounting in her cheeks.

We were both silent for some moments, both evidently pursuing our own peculiar train of thought, till, tiring of the occupation, and fancying Margaret's silence was a delicate hint that our 'quiet talk' was over, I rose and put out my hand.

'Don't be in such a hurry,' she exclaimed, in an utterly different tone. 'I have not asked you to pay me this early visit to act a comedy. Mr. Owen,' she added, flushing, but speaking frankly, 'I think you are one of those men whom it is more easy for women of my stamp to turn into friends—true, earnest friends—than lovers.'

I was a little taken aback by this very candid address, and for once in my life I felt the blood rush hotly to my face, and even tingle my finger-ends. I remembered a dream or two I had had of that beautiful face before me, some very ugly feelings I had experienced towards Gaunt, when they retired to that horrid conservatory, leaving me to my solitary cigar; and I forgot in that moment all my philosophical reasoning, and the absurdity of love and love-making, also all my calm denunciations of unfeminine boldness and feminine coquetry. Words trembled on my lips that—that—well now I am glad I did not utter them. In the folly of that moment I believe I took that fair, pretty hand in mine, for it certainly clasped mine, when on the blood retreating to its proper place, I resumed my usual colour and reasonable tone of mind; and I remember I felt embarrassed what to do with it, as I tried to reply in a quiet, proper manner—

'Perhaps you are right.'

'If I did not feel sure of it,' Margaret answered, gravely, 'I should not dare ask what I am about to do.'

Some very insane jealousy was roused by her first words and the tone in which she spoke them. I said, sarcastically—

'You would not of Gaunt, for instance?'

Margaret looked up at me with a pained, surprised glance, and flushed crimson.

'No,' she said, 'certainly not—least of all him. Can you not see—have you not perceived?' she continued, after a slight pause, and in an anxious tone.

'Only too much,' I answered, still sarcastically.

Miss Owenson shook her head.

'If you wish to go,' she said, coldly, 'I will not detain you.'

I took up my hat.

'I may as well say good-bye now,' I said; 'probably I shall return to London at once. My friend is sufficiently well to be able to dispense with my assistance, and he, no doubt, will find amusement enough to make my departure rather acceptable than to be regretted.'

Margaret Owenson regarded me for a moment with a smile so intensely quizzical, that, angry as I was, I could not help feeling I was making a great fool of myself.

'You really are most provoking,' I muttered.

'And you most unreasonable,' she answered. 'Sit down and listen quietly to what I have to say, then go to London if you choose, and be as sulky and disagreeable to poor Mr. Gaunt as your manly dignity shall think proper.'

She half pushed me back in the arm-chair, and then, with the freedom that was at times as repulsive as at others it was winning and attractive, she drew a light chair beside me, and leaning carelessly on the arm of mine, she laid her fingers lightly on my hand.

'Answer me frankly. Have you told Mr. Gaunt anything of your seeing me in the cottage yesterday afternoon, or of my begging your silence last night?'

'Nothing. I keep honourably even unworded engagements, Miss Owenson.'

'I do not doubt it. One other question. Are you in the secret of Cecile's relationship to Mr. Gaunt?'

'I started. "Secret?" I exclaimed.

'Let us be frank for once,' she resumed, in a tired voice. 'I see as

plainly as you do that there is a secret. Perhaps I may know more of it than you do—perhaps even more than Richard Gaunt himself. Answer me frankly. Are you in his confidence?'

'Such a question——' I began, hesitating.

'Is very simple and easy to answer,' she interrupted; 'merely a Yes or No. I only ask a monosyllable of you.'

The eagerness with which she spoke flashed in her eyes, and witnessed to the truth of her words that she was acting no comedy.

'Of what consequence can it be?' I exclaimed.

'That I alone know,' she answered, still earnestly. 'Yes or no?'

'Well, then, No. I know nothing of this secret, if secret there is.'

'And yet you are his most intimate friend! He has told me himself that you were as brothers together,' Miss Owenson said, and as she spoke, she rose from her chair and stood before me in an unusually excited manner.

'All this,' she continued, 'confirms me in my opinion. Will you confer a great favour on me—one that aids the wronged at least to defend themselves? I only ask you to be silent on all that has passed between us, both concerning the cottage last night and our present interview.'

I hesitated. 'In binding myself to that I know not what wrong I may be doing Gaunt,' I said. 'Events may so occur that these very trivial circumstances may assume some importance.'

'I ask you as a favour,' she said, throwing herself again in her seat in the most pleading manner; 'or if you will not promise me definitely, only grant me this, that before you tell him you will let me know.'

'The very importance you attach to such trifles makes me more unwilling to promise,' I said. 'Only last night your conduct about the portrait made him anxious to penetrate the mystery with which you surround yourself. How do I know but that these circumstances might assist him materially in so doing; and if that is the case



'What man ever stood firm before a beautiful woman's tears.'—See p. 361.



am I acting fairly, or even honourably, to my friend?

Miss Owenson followed with earnestness every word as I uttered it.

'And he is anxious, then, to penetrate the mystery? And it was my conduct concerning the portrait that aroused his suspicions,' she exclaimed, eagerly.

'I do not undertake to answer for Gaunt,' I replied.

Margaret looked at me earnestly, yet half doubtfully.

'Well, well: I do not wish to cross-examine either you or him; all I beg of you is to grant my request. It seems to me not a very difficult one to grant, in spite of your conscience. I ask you merely to let me know when you communicate these stories to your friend, and to delay it as long as possible. I am a stranger to you,' she added, 'and I know the manner in which I have made and carried on our short acquaintance cannot entitle me to your highest opinion. Still, when I give you my word of honour that my object in coming here, and acting as I do, is to shield the wronged and the innocent, you may take it as that of a lady of no mean birth. All I want,' she added, passionately, 'is to defend the rights of natural justice.'

I looked at her, extremely puzzled; there was no acting in her manner—no assumed emotion in the anger that illumined her whole countenance; she continued in a softer tone: 'Were I to tell you the story I could tell, I mistake you greatly, Mr. Owen, if you would not be the first to aid the wronged. Richard Gaunt himself'—she paused, rose again to her feet, and then walked impatiently away. When she came back, there were large tears filling her beautiful eyes. 'Can you not promise me this?' she said in a low, tremulous voice.

What man ever stood firm before a beautiful woman's tears?

I took the hand she had laid on mine, and saying, 'You may trust me—I cannot refuse you, Margaret,' I bent down and kissed it earnestly. It was the first time I had ever done such a foolish thing; and I

rushed away disgusted with my own folly and rashness.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME ONE IN THE BOUNDARY STREAM.

That day I had the largest dose of ennui that I think it has ever been my ill-luck to be forced to swallow.

The rain came down in one continuous sullen pour; so there being no possibility of venting the feverish, uncomfortable kind of excitement induced by Miss Owenson's early 'quiet talk' in out-door exercise, I had no resource but literature, smoke, or Gaunt—all three of which were particularly distasteful to me in my present humour.

My thoughts, too, were disagreeable, when I remembered the interview of the morning. The very interest which it awakened in me for Margaret Owenson was aggravated and embittered by the very unflattering frankness with which she had treated me. When I thought of the previous evening, it only confirmed me in my jealousy of Gaunt. More than once I made up my mind to carry out what had certainly been a very impromptu announcement to Miss Owenson, viz., a speedy departure for London.

With a bitter kind of satisfaction, I mused upon the hardworking but serene life I led in my quiet rooms, among my books and writings, content to know of love through the love-making of my friend, and able to regard with philosophical indifference all the occasional worries and annoyances it entailed.

After each ten minutes of such meditations, I had it on the tip of my tongue to repeat to my unsuspecting friend those sarcastic words I had uttered to Miss Owenson; but somehow the desire, each time faded as soon as it arose.

I roused myself and looked at Gaunt.

Dick was sitting in front of the window, which, in spite of the rain and chilly air, he insisted on having open; his legs elevated to a level with his body by resting his feet on the sill of the window, his head

leaning on a cushion placed at the back of his chair—little clouds of blue smoke issuing from his mouth, which, as they cleared off, allowed his face to be seen, exhibiting a countenance with the eyes complacently regarding the opposite cottage, which was serenity itself.

As I regarded him, the words I had intended to utter vanished into thin air (figuratively speaking of course), and my thoughts galloping forward, drew scenes of the most (to me) desolating description. I felt that in taking leave of my friend in his present mood, I took leave also of all our pleasant bachelor friendship—our agreeable evenings and little dinners, our summer jaunts, our one thousand and one enjoyments; while in their stead came a tall, fascinating Mrs. Gaunt, family dinners, christenings, children's parties, &c., &c., &c.

Poor Dick! No; under such circumstances I could not, I ought not to leave him!

I was rather relieved in my apprehensions to find he sat there very quietly the whole afternoon, making no movement towards visiting the cottage; and after dinner—which, I noticed, he discussed with an appetite supposed to be incompatible with the *grande passion*—he took his wine and dessert very composedly—indeed more so than usual—and on my execrating wet weather in the country, merely observed, 'Certainly the evenings were deucedly long.' His humour puzzled me too. I argued, only a man in love, at Dick's age, and with his disposition, could manage to exist three weeks, as he had done, in a wretched place like Hazledean. Of course I knew that Cecile had something to do with his sudden passion for rural retirement. Still the serene and even contented manner in which he bore it, could only be accounted for by the hypothesis that he was somehow pleasantly occupied, *i.e.* in love-making; but such being the case, it seemed to me very odd that he could consent to pass a wearisome wet day alone, when merely a wet garden separated him from the agreeable society of the object of his supposed affections. Even suppos-

ing that the little scene of the portrait had left a lingering sulkiness, he would not have been in that serene temper. I knew Dick well; his countenance would not have worn that complacent expression, as he sat all the afternoon *vis-à-vis* the cottage.

In our flashes of conversation during the day, he had made no apparent effort to avoid mentioning either Miss Owenson or her conduct the preceding evening; neither had he alluded to them with the warmth and interest a man in the position of lover ought, and generally does. I was puzzled.

Could Margaret Owenson have been having a 'quiet talk' with him, and induced him to promise silence in my regard, as she had with myself? I had just asked this question of myself, and was trying to find an answer in the composed, pleasant manner in which Dick was regarding the colour of his wine, as he held up his glass to catch the faint, watery rays of the setting sun, which, with a strange perversity, was just beginning to pierce the rain-clouds, as the day was done, when we were both startled by hearing, down in the garden, a faint cry, followed by a loud, piercing shriek. Both of us jumped up, and cast an anxious glance round the room. Cecile had been reading in a chair, ten minutes ago:—she was gone!

'Where is she?' Gaunt exclaimed, in a startled tone. 'Mark! was that her voice?'

'Come!' I exclaimed, rushing out, a horrid idea seizing me. 'The stream, Dick,' I cried—'the boundary stream!'

We were on the verandah, leaping over it into the garden, and rushing down to the banks in less than a minute. There—there the water was rushing brown and bubbling, higher by two or three feet than yesterday when I had refused to cross the bridge, and there, on the wet, soaked planks lay a hat—Cecile's hat.

'Down the stream, Mark, down!' Dick roared, as I, swifter of foot than he, reached the bridge.

How I ran! how I tore! The

water did not go more swiftly—for ahead of me, only a couple of yards or so, but still just out of my reach and seeming ever to elude me like a phantom in a dreadful dream, I caught sight of something—something white. It was borne swiftly along—so swiftly that the struggles that agitated it faintly, when I first caught sight of it, soon ceased; and it must inevitably have been whirled along under those thick-tangled bushes into the recesses in the wood, had not a friendly briar struck far out into the water, catching in the child's frock, for two seconds checked her course.

Those two seconds were enough. I was in the water a yard lower down then, with all my strength striving to stem the current; and as the slender impediment gave way, and the water once more rushed along with its light burden, I managed, with a great effort, to catch the dress, and in another moment I had landed little Cecile, white and utterly motionless, on the bank.

Exhausted, alarmed as I was, I could not help, even in the excitement of the moment, looking up curiously in Gaunt's face as he came hurrying up, and found the child out of the water, but apparently inanimate.

He was very white, and an expression of utter horror rather than sorrow made his face quite painful to look at. He bent over the senseless little figure, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mark, Mark!' in a tone that seemed overwhelmed with regret, but at the same time so strange, that the idea of his being Cecile's father, was banished for ever from my mind.

'Don't waste time,' I said. 'Carry her to the house, and send for the doctor. Quick! I have hurt my arm, and can't help you.'

Gaunt, with still that horrified look on his face, bent down and lifted the poor child in his arms, fixing his eyes on her meanwhile with a look that I shall not easily forget.

'Hurry on,' he said, suddenly resuming his usual energy. 'There is life, Mark! She is only insensible. Hurry on, for God's sake!'

Hurry I did. That scream had frightened others as well as ourselves, and I met all the inhabitants of the inn rushing about in all directions along the banks of that guilty-looking stream.

Brunlow was among them; and he, with superior instinct, soon guessed the accident. With a long, deep howl, he bounded forward, and as he met Gaunt carrying his senseless burden, his sorrowful howlings and short barks soon directed every one to where assistance was required.

As I walked a little in advance, I was the first to reach the planks—cause of all this trouble—and to my horror, who should I see coming along, and with daring but steady foot crossing the slippery bridge, but Margaret Owenson.

'Is it Cecile?' she asked as she came up. Her face was as pale as Gaunt's, her countenance almost as horrified. I pointed back, exclaiming, 'There!' A quick, dark flush came into her cheeks as she looked. Gaunt was coming along, his hat off, his dress in disorder, bearing the dripping little form in his arms. The poor white face with its closed eyes, looked ghastly; the hands hung down lifelessly.

For an instant Miss Owenson stood gazing, then she advanced quickly, and the group separating unasked to let her pass, stood beside Gaunt.

She did not look at him, but bending over the child, peered closely into its face, touching, at the same time, the little cold hands. 'Go on,' she said in a calm voice, 'she is not dead;' then turning away with a look which I cannot describe, but which suited strangely the dispassionate tone in which she spoke, she herself ran forward towards the inn.

When we arrived there, the first person who stretched out her arms to receive poor Cecile, was Miss Owenson.

Already there was a fire burning, and blankets, warm bed, and restoratives near; and there stood Margaret, with her ready hands, and woman's calm sense, to direct their application.

Fortunate it was for the poor child that she was there; else, in the absence of all medical assistance, she would have fared badly among the kindhearted but ignorant persons who surrounded her.

With the quiet, but authoritative tone of one accustomed to command, and to have her commands obeyed, Margaret sent some here, others there, quickly dispersing the useless spectators, keeping only, as her assistant, the landlady.

As for Gaunt and myself, we required no second bidding from those smileless lips to take ourselves off, and leave the little sufferer to her. We should have been exceedingly grieved, but awkward and useless, spectators of her active exertions to restore Cecile to consciousness.

All that I have described passed so quickly, that I could scarcely believe, when I re-entered the parlour, that barely half an hour had elapsed since I had been sipping my still unfinished glass of wine, and considering Gaunt's countenance with such perplexed thoughts.

In spite of my wet clothes and wounded arm, I felt too much interested in watching Gaunt, and waiting for the re-appearance of Margaret Owenson, to retire to my own room, and attend to my personal comforts; so throwing myself in the arm-chair, I took up my post of observation.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARGARET OWENSON AS SICK NURSE.

Gaunt placed himself in his favourite position against the mantelshelf, and commenced his favourite employment of stroking and pulling his mustaches, maintaining, meanwhile, a silence that was evidently more forced than meditative.

In the adjoining room we could distinctly hear the quick and constant movements of Miss Owenson and her assistants, but no sounds from Cecile; and as minute after minute passed, and we listened in vain for some sign, were it but a cry or a moan, our anxiety became intensely painful.

Gaunt moved about, changed

constantly his position, and at length took to pacing the room with a stride that witnessed to his increasing anxiety.

Suddenly he paused, and grasping my arm in a manner that was anything but agreeable in its wounded state, he exclaimed in a low tone: 'I wish you would go in and see what they're all about, Mark.'

'To what use?' I replied, groaning. 'She told us before we were only in the way.'

'I know,' he said in the same low tone. 'Still, one of us ought, I think, and—and—you see I can't bear facing her. I'm a confounded coward, Mark, I know,' he added, beginning to bite his nails in the most schoolboy fashion; 'but she's got such a look about her—at least she had—and yet for all that, I can't help—'

Dick paused. Had I not thought of the poor little white face lying senseless under that 'look,' I should have been infinitely amused at my poor friend's address. As it was, the comic manner was lost in the painful doubt he conveyed, more by his manner than words, and so, in spite of feeling more than half-guilty of treason to Margaret, I rose answering, 'Perhaps one of us ought to take a look.'

'Just for the sake of—not that—' Dick stammered, as I walked across the room, and laid my hand on the door handle.

I turned it very gently and entered; but my courage failed me as Margaret, turning abruptly from her position by the bed, faced me angrily. 'You only embarrass us, and can do no good.'

Without even daring to ask how Cecile was, I backed out immediately.

'It's no use, Gaunt,' I said pettishly. 'If you want her watched, you must do it yourself. It's absurd; of course it's all right.'

'Of course it is,' Dick replied nervously. 'It is only my anxiety, you know.'

I threw myself on the sofa. Dick resumed his position by the mantelshelf, and another quarter of an hour passed silently by.



MARGARET OWENSON AS SICK NURSE.—See Chapter XIII.

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the

the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the



Diagram illustrating the structure of the building.

The diagram illustrates the structure of the building, showing the various components and their arrangement. It is a detailed drawing that provides a clear view of the building's layout and design.

The diagram illustrates the structure of the building, showing the various components and their arrangement. It is a detailed drawing that provides a clear view of the building's layout and design.

I don't know what Gaunt thought; but I myself felt extremely guilty and uncomfortable, whenever I remembered Margaret Owenson. To repay her disinterested kindness to the child by such doubts, was cruel—ungentlemanly. What should we be doing, far away from medical aid, if it had not been for her? Nevertheless, I could not help wondering what had caused that ugly look on the beautiful face, as she said so coldly, almost disappointedly, 'She is not dead.'

My unpleasant meditations were interrupted by hearing hurried footsteps, and then the deep tones of a man's voice mingling themselves with those of the women in the next room.

'The doctor at last!' I exclaimed.

Gaunt roused himself, and then with sudden energy, boldly opened the door of the sick-room and entered, leaving me alone.

I listened very attentively, but I could distinguish no words. I heard Dick's deep voice lowered to a kind of growl, mingling with the others, and I heard his step, heavier than the rest, move about; but from no sound could I discover how the little sufferer was progressing. More than once I felt inclined to risk Miss Owenson's fierce looks, and join Gaunt; but somehow, I scarcely know why, a feeling of delicacy restrained me.

There was some strange mystery binding Gaunt, Margaret, and Cecile together, which, though I was not certain each was aware of, each suspected more or less, and which Gaunt at least desired should remain a secret.

Half an hour passed, the daylight had faded, and I lounged there in the dusk listening, musing, and still too anxious to pay any attention to my own discomforts, when the door opened gently, and some one entered.

The footstep that approached me was much too light for Gaunt's, and yet I started and exclaimed with surprise, as Margaret Owenson said quietly—'Cecile is much better. I can attend to you now, Mr. Owen.' 'Thank God!' I exclaimed. She proceeded to light a candle, and then holding it up so as

to throw the light full on my damp, and rather muddy person, she exclaimed, 'What! have you not changed yet?'

Miss Owenson was extremely pale, and her countenance bore the expression of one who had recently been intensely anxious. Even then it had a tinge of something—I know not what—on it that aged it considerably.

'Cecile is better then?' I said, taking no notice of her exclamation.

'Much,' Margaret replied in her quietest tone. 'Completely restored.'

'Thank heaven! I was getting fearfully anxious.'

'Her insensibility was caused by some blow she received in falling,' Miss Owenson went on in the same voice. 'She was not long enough in the water to do her much harm. The doctor assures us there is no cause for further alarm.'

She certainly seemed tolerably free from it. As if wishing to end the subject, she drew a chair towards me, and said in a softer tone, 'Now let me attend to you; your arm is hurt, is it not?'

'A slight bruise,' I replied, 'and a scratch. I fell against a stony part of the bank in my descent.'

'Then it was you who saved Cecile,' she exclaimed with interest, 'and not Richard Gaunt?'

'It was certainly I who took her from the water: I ran faster than Dick.'

'Ah!' Whether that sound was an exclamation or a sigh I knew not. At any rate it ended all Miss Owenson's questions concerning the accident. She applied herself to the examination of my hurts, and while she bound up and plastered my arm, confined herself entirely to remarks on that interesting occupation.

Miss Owenson was very kind indeed; I had never seen her in a more genial, womanly humour; and as her soft adroit fingers laboured away, now plastering, now binding up my wounds, while her pleasant voice uttered sympathetic nothings it is true, but still extremely consoling and delightful nothings spoken by her lips, I could not help thinking that under none other of her Protean-like changes was she so attractive or so winning.

Did she tend Cecile as she tended me? Wherever had our cruel doubts sprung from? Was it Gaunt's fancy or mine that had produced them?

'Now,' she said, as she finished the dressing operation, 'if you take my advice you will certainly go and change those damp clothes.'

I obeyed her, for the doctor departing she returned to Cecile, and the dark room in her absence was not sufficiently attractive to make the further neglect of my own comforts supportable.

When I came back I found the lamp lighted, the table cleared, and Gaunt sitting in his arm-chair with a very tolerably cheerful expression of countenance.

'It's all right, Mark,' he exclaimed as I entered. 'Hinks says she'll be well enough in a day or two. No harm done, thanks to the plucky way in which you pulled her out of the water. Thank you, old fellow!'

Dick's heavy hand clutched mine, and judging of the extent of his gratitude by the pain he inflicted on me, I had every reason to be satisfied with it.

It startled me a little, however, for truth to tell I never fancied Dick had noticed that I had taken Cecile from the water; or if he had, had considered it anything more than a slight advantage I had gained over him by my superior swiftness.

Having given vent to his feelings, and received my 'Oh yes—all right,' in acknowledgment, Mr. Richard Gaunt resumed his seat, and I suppose felt embarrassed, for he again took to biting his nails.

'Under all circumstances, you know, Mark,' he began suddenly, 'I can't help feeling particularly obliged to you. Many men,' he continued, struggling to express himself clearly, and at the same time not in direct terms, 'would have perhaps felt that—that the position—I mean want of confidence as you may fancy—you understand, Mark, don't you?' he added, winding up quickly, and looking up at me with his pleasant, honest eyes quite aglow with the excitement of his feelings.

'Oh yes! Of course I do,' I re-

plied, wishing to end explanation as much for my own sake as his (I abominate anything approaching a scene), though the exact meaning of what he wished to convey found its way rather mistily to my mind.

'And you know, Mark,' he continued, very much with the air of a schoolboy who was forcing himself to have it out and make a clean breast of it, 'it isn't that'—(what? I wondered)—'but because honour forbids, and even your own words, that I don't even now—'

Again he paused, excessively embarrassed, and evidently annoyed at being so embarrassed.

I felt a little hurt. 'If you mean, Richard,' I said coldly, 'that after this evening's occurrence I think myself entitled to your confidence, and that you must still decline to give it me, all I reply is that your opinion of me is not very generous.'

'I don't mean that, either,' he answered, looking excessively pained; 'however, it's no use saying more; I only make a hash of explanations—I always did.'

I was rather amused, in spite of my annoyance, at Dick's imagining he had been explaining anything by his intense muddle and his broken sentences; however, I turned quietly away, and took pretty good care to end them by making, and encouraging no further remark from Gaunt on the matter.

Dick broke the silence in a few minutes by observing in a low voice—

'Miss Owenson is still with Cecile; she has offered to remain with her the night, in company with the landlady.'

'Very kind of her,' I answered, with another of those reproachful pangs at having ever suspected her of anything but the most disinterested kindness to Cecile.

'Very,' Gaunt said; 'particularly considering her former evident dislike to the child. Women certainly are incomprehensible,' he added.

He had scarcely finished speaking when the door opened, and in came the very subject of our remarks.

Whether she had heard or not was impossible to discover by her countenance; when she turned to the light, however, I fancied her eyes

regarded Gaunt with a slightly anxious look.

'Cecile is sleeping,' she said, 'so I came to beg you to lend me a book.'

Such a request was the most natural that could be made, and it was proffered in the most natural tone in the world.

We both rose, and Gaunt offering her his chair, begged her, though in a constrained voice, to sit down, adding that as Cecile was sleeping there was no occasion to hurry back to her. I did not quite understand why Gaunt's manner should have changed; certainly I had not seen them together since the portrait scene, and then they had not parted on the best terms; it might be a lingering sulkiness.

Margaret would not stay. She said briefly she had undertaken a duty, and she wished to fulfil it properly. Cecile was feverish and restless—she did not like to leave her; and again she requested Gaunt to lend her some light book that would not send her to sleep.

There was something very decided in her manner of refusing our invitation to stay. Perhaps she was offended at something she had overheard us say—or perhaps—but in spite of the respect I had for her real purity, I could not help feeling this 'perhaps' very vague—Miss Owenson's sense of propriety was shocked at the idea of sitting alone with two young men in their own apartment at that hour; at any rate she firmly refused the chair. At the furthest end of the room was Dick's closet of private valuables: here he kept his pet pipes, his choicest cigars, his writing-case of love relics, his few books, &c., &c., and thither he went to search for a novel: not a little puzzled, I guessed, as to the selection he should make among the works of light literature which he considered amusing reading.

He stood for so long, lamp in hand, before this receptacle of rubbish, that perhaps it was as much weariness as curiosity that suddenly inspired Miss Owenson to go and assist his choice.

'A various collection, I must say,' I heard Margaret exclaim, and turn-

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ing round I saw her standing in front of the closet, her eyes eagerly regarding within. 'Pipes, canisters, books, bottles, and Heaven knows what!'

Gaunt made some rejoinder, and then they began searching among the books. The door was half closed upon them, and from where I sat I could scarcely distinguish what they said. They spoke in low tones—Margaret especially; from Gaunt now and then I heard the word 'Cecile,' and from his softened way of speaking I imagined he was thanking (probably in the same muddled manner he had thanked myself) Miss Owenson, and was making his peace with her. Suddenly the door was opened, and I heard Margaret exclaim, 'Ah! Mr. Gaunt, you have at least one curiosity among your treasures; that Indian box, there, how very pretty!'

'Oh! an old thing—nothing curious in it,' Gaunt replied. 'I can assure you my amber mouthpieces and this carved hookah are very much more valuable and curious.'

'No doubt, in your estimation. Will you let me look at the box, though? I take a strange interest in anything Indian.'

Gaunt coughed. 'I should be very happy,' he answered hastily, 'only it's full of papers—family papers.'

'Oh! I beg your pardon for being so indiscreet then. I don't quarrel with you, Mr. Gaunt, you see,' and I heard Margaret's laugh come softly and pleasantly, 'as you did with me about the portrait.' As she spoke she came away from the closet. 'Mr. Owen, I must apply to you; your friend has nothing really readable,' she said, sitting down in Gaunt's arm-chair, apparently quite oblivious of her recent anxiety to fulfil the duty she had undertaken. A couple of hours passed before she did recollect it, and then it was brought to her remembrance by the landlady's voice observing, from (discreetly) behind the door, 'I think, ma'am, Miss Cecile ought to take her draught now.'

Miss Owenson disappeared in an instant.

EASTWARD HO!

Or, the Adventures of Dick Dewberry in Search of a Sinecure.

MY esteemed friend Jack Easel, who some time ago gave the readers of this journal a facetious account of our ascent to the summit of Snowdon, has persuaded me to put on paper the details of a very different expedition, not less arduous, perhaps, than the one he described, but decidedly wanting in the picturesque element and jovial incidents which characterised our adventure in Wales. Since Mr. Easel, however (who has a wonderful perception of the ludicrous), professes to see in my narrative an immense deal of fun—which, I admit, never became apparent to me, possibly because it chiefly concerns myself—I have yielded to his entreaties that it should appear in print, and now leave the public to laugh at or commiserate me as they please.

My profession is that of a barrister; for which I duly qualified myself by eating a series of dinners in the Temple, taking chambers in that cheerful locality, painting my name in white letters on a black door, buying a stuff gown and horse-hair wig, and poring over endless volumes of legal lore, the greater portion of whose contents I have long forgotten. In due course of time I was called, as the phrase goes, to the bar, which fact I have chief reason to remember in consequence of a tremendous supper I gave on the occasion, to which my friend Jack was bidden, and acquitted himself admirably in the manufacture of lobster salad and claret cup.

At the period to which I allude I was waiting for practice; and having waited for a considerable time, I was beginning to look about for anything which might turn up in the way of employment, when I received, one morning, the following note from an acquaintance in the City, who knew my position and had more than once expressed his intention of 'doing something' for me when he could. He was a member of the Common Council and Master

Warden of the Kettle-menders' Company:—

*'Kettle-menders' Hall, E.C.,
3 April, 185—.*

'DEAR MR. DEWBERRY,

'I told you, when we last met, that I should be happy to serve you if ever an occasion offered. I have just heard that the post of Assistant Vice-Compter and High-Jinksman to the City of London has just become vacant. The appointment rests with the Lord Mayor and Corporation. The salary is worth from 300*l.* to 500*l.* a year; the duties are not very onerous, and, in fact, will not interfere with your professional work at all. If you care for the situation, let me know without delay, and I will use all the interest I can command for you this side of Temple Bar.

'Yours faithfully.

'SAMUEL SLOPER.

'P.S. I shall be happy to see you here at 11 A.M. to-morrow.'

Here then was an opening for me at last! 300*l.* a year and light duties. Just the thing. I had an allowance of 200*l.*; and this, with my future professional receipts, might enable me to mar—O rapturous thought! The vision of a fair-haired angel with blue eyes, whom I had left behind me in Devonshire, rose before my excited brain. I rushed to my writing desk, unlocked it with a trembling hand, touched a secret spring inside, and taking out a little packet of silver paper, seized a wisp of flossy silk and pressed it to my lips. This ceremony concluded, I endeavoured to calm my feelings with an eye to business; and having selected a sheet of cream-laid Bath post note-paper, with the Dewberry crest emblazoned thereon, wrote at once to Mr. Sloper, thanking him for his offer, and saying that I would be with him at the hour he had fixed.

After a light repast on the following morning I found myself trun-

dling towards Mr. Sloper's office in a Hansom cab. The Kettle-menders' Hall is an ancient and somewhat dingy-looking edifice of the last century, approached by a little alley from one of the principal thoroughfares in the ward of Billingsgate. A peculiar and somewhat fishy smell pervades the atmosphere of the place, which, under other circumstances, might have been disagreeable. As it was I felt in too good spirits to be annoyed at anything, and walked rapidly on through a crowd of ragged children who were playing at hop-scotch in the court, until I reached the door of my benefactor's office, which was opened by a red-haired clerk in a thread-bare dress coat with very tight sleeves and a great dearth of buttons. He had a pen behind his ear and a slight defect in his sight, which gave him the appearance of keeping one eye on the goose-quill while the other looked steadfastly ahead.

Mr. Sloper received me with great affability, gave me to understand that he had already taken steps in my behalf, and mentioned the names of several influential members of the Right Worshipful Company of Kettle-menders who had promised their vote and interest.

'But no time is to be lost, my dear sir,' he added; 'there are two other candidates already in the field, and an active canvass is going on. Look here!' and he tossed me over a circular setting forth in bold type the claims of one of my opponents. 'We must get some of these things printed at once, you know, and sent round to the Aldermen and Common Council. Better order a few hundred neat cards at the same time, with your name, address, and occupation in full. When they are ready, you must go round to the different wards and call on the corporation—there are only two or three hundred of 'em—perhaps you'll find some of them out; never mind, leave a card, and say you'll call again. In short, keep on calling until you've seen them all. Nothing like a personal canvass, my dear sir. Tackle them individually yourself, and insist upon a vote from each. A little energy and perseverance, and the

thing is done. The last High-Jinksman worked night and day for three weeks before he got the appointment, wrote his letters all night, and kept on calling all day. He was a little done up by the time the election came off, to be sure, but he won with flying colours, my dear sir—with *flying colours*. And here Mr. Sloper waved a yellow silk bandanna pocket-handkerchief triumphantly, and blew his nose like a bugleman sounding victory.

I took advantage of this pause to make some inquiries as to the duties of the post, and hinted a doubt whether I might be duly qualified.

'Duties, my dear sir!' cried Mr. Sloper, energetically; 'pooh! that's an after consideration. Besides, it's a mere sinecure. I've no notion at present what you'll have to do, but I am quite sure you'll be able to do it. Qualified! of course you're qualified. Why, you were brought up at Westminster, weren't you? and besides, you've been called to the bar: that's quite sufficient. Why, the last High-Jinksman hadn't half your advantages. First get the post, and then we'll talk about qualifications. Now, pray don't go saying anything of that kind to the Common Council, or you won't get a single vote; it would be horribly indiscreet, you know. Put a bold face on the matter, and say you can do anything; there's nothing like saying you can do anything.'

'Then you think I'd better order the cards and circulars at once?' I asked.

'Immediately, my dear sir—don't lose an instant. There's a capital printer in Eastcheap, round the corner, and do tell him to let the type be bold and legible; none of your small finicking stuff which nobody can read. Half the Common Council can't see without spectacles, and if they've any trouble in deciphering your testimonials, ten to one they'll throw them in the waste-paper basket. Why, the last High-Jinksman—'

'All right,' said I; 'I'll see to it at once. How many cards did you say?'

'Why, let me see; two hundred—three hundred and fifty—better

say five hundred at once, for of course you'll have to send 'em round to all your friends as well. And the testimonials—'

'I must get the originals first, you know, before anything else is done,' I suggested.

'True; write for them to-day, and in the meantime put advertisements in the "Times" and "City Press," announcing your intention of competing for the post, and respectfully soliciting the votes and interest of, &c. &c. You know the sort of thing. Good-bye.'

Off I went to the newspaper offices, calling at the printer's on my way, where I ordered my cards, and composed the following paragraph, which appeared in the 'Times' next morning:—

'To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London.

'My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen, —The office of Assistant Vice-Compter and High-Jinksman of the City of London having recently become vacant in consequence of the resignation of Mr. John Harris, I beg respectfully to offer myself as a candidate for that post. I entered the legal profession in 185—, and was called to the bar last year. In the course of a few days I shall have the honour of submitting to your notice testimonials which will, I trust, be a sufficient guarantee of my ability and qualifications for the important office referred to. I shall also take the liberty of waiting in person on those members of the Corporation whose votes and interest I may venture to anticipate. I will only add that, in the event of my election, I shall use my utmost endeavours to discharge faithfully the duties with which I may be intrusted.

'I am, my Lord Mayor and Gentlemen,

'Your obedient servant,

'RICHARD DEWBERRY.

'*Temple, 4th April, 185—.*'

The whole of that afternoon I was busily employed in writing for testimonials, letters of introduction, and what not. By return of post I

received answers of a most satisfactory nature to most of my letters. My old schoolfellow, Lord Stonehouse, whose father's name was well known in the City, promised to do what he could for me among the Aldermen. A wealthy stock-broker and member of the Kite-flyers' Company, promised me his influence in Cornhill and Cripplegate, while my invaluable friend Briggs, of Truro, whose good stories and hospitality have made him a favourite throughout the West of England, actually offered to come up and canvass for me among his acquaintances in town. I received no end of testimonials of every description, certifying to my excellent abilities, unexceptionable character, and general fitness for office. In short, no disinterested outsiders who read them could form any other conclusion than that if there was any one of her Majesty's subjects in the United Kingdom fitted to undertake the duties of Assistant Vice-Compter and High-Jinksman to the City of London, I was undoubtedly the man.

In course of time these certificates were printed, enveloped, addressed, and despatched to their proper destinations. The amount of specie which I disbursed in payment for stationery, postage-stamps, cabs, advertisements, and printing, was something tremendous; but after all, as Mr. Sloper justly remarked, 'nothing venture, nothing have,' and no enterprising young man should hesitate to bait with a herring if he wants to catch a whale. My small boy, Henry—a youthful retainer out of buttons, who had been accustomed to do for me at five shillings a week, and 'find' himself—took, I regret to say, a mean advantage of my position to strike for higher wages from that time, on account of the extra service required from him in the way of posting letters, &c. I cheerfully conceded the additional half-crown, but had my own opinion of the young rascal (who, I may here parenthetically mention, met with his deserts in the House of Correction at a later period of his career). In addition to his assist-

ance, I was obliged to get the help of a commissioner, for I soon became aware that it was impossible to find out the various residences and offices of the Common Council unaided; after vainly endeavouring to explore the labyrinth between Bishopsgate and Aldersgate alone, and having traversed each of those thoroughfares about nineteen times before I could find half-a-dozen of the Council, out of about 250, I began to appreciate the extent of the task which lay before me. My next idea was to charter a cab; but this I found worse than useless, for if I hired it by the hour I was driven at a funeral pace, and when I paid by the distance, my charioteer, who understood by my directions that I knew nothing of the City, drove round by circuitous routes of double the necessary length, or dashed madly into narrow thoroughfares where we were soon blocked in by heavy-laden carts, bales of merchandize, and Brobdignag vans, which kept us at a deadlock for periods varying from ten minutes to half an hour at a time.

It was in this extremity that I sought the assistance of a military-looking gentleman with one arm, and a somewhat ruddy face, whom I found loitering near Temple Bar. He wore a cap with the word *Commissionaire* embroidered plainly round the rim, and I congratulated myself on being able to avail myself of the sagacity and trustworthiness for which this corps is justly celebrated.

'Are you engaged?' I asked.

'Not a bit of it, sir,' he answered eagerly; 'h'what did yer honour plaize to want?'

I told him as briefly as I could that I wished to call in certain streets of an adjoining ward, and that he must plan out a route by which we could take them as they lay, without retracing our steps more than was absolutely necessary.

'But,' said I, 'first let me ask you, do you know the City well?'

'Know it, yer honour? why of course I do, every inch of it. Is Mike O'Shunter the b'oy to desave a gentleman loike yourself? Sure, haven't I lived here all my loife?'

'I thought you had been in the army,' I remarked, looking at his medals.

'That's thrue agin,' said my Hibernian friend, 'and a dale of action I've seen. But we was quarded so moighty long at the Tower before going on active service, that there's not a strate for moiles round Thrinity Square but Mike O'Shunter knows the ins and outs of it.'

'Well, come along,' said I;—'why, what's the matter?'

'Och, nothing, yer honour, but a dhivvie of a tooth that's just plaguing the dear loife out of me.'

'Praps you're not well enough to come?' I suggested.

'Sure I'd be as right as ninepence after a drap o' whiskey,' said Mr. O'Shunter, who after fumbling in his pocket to no purpose, borrowed a shilling of me, dived into a public-house, and came out like a giant refreshed.

The first few places where I had to call were easy enough to find; but the moment we left the principal thoroughfares, I found out that my gallant guide was quite as much at sea as myself. He made no end of blunders, forgot the names of streets and numbers of houses, and had continually to ask his way. He generally selected a gin-shop for that purpose, and came out on each occasion looking redder about the nose than ever. This fact, added to a peculiar change of his voice, which caused him to speak huskily of Aldersgate as 'Alshget,' and contract Bridgewater Square into 'Brishwrsquaw,' to say nothing of a generally unsteadiness in his gait, led me to the conclusion that Mr. O'Shunter was becoming rapidly drunk. I therefore seized the first opportunity of dismissing him. He was beginning a long harangue about the battle-field, green Erin, and his country's pride; how he had faced the foe with dauntless heart, &c. &c., when in the midst of these pretty sentiments he caught sight of a manly form in civil uniform coming round the corner, and forthwith disappeared. This was no other than X 22, an efficient member of the Force, who speedily

acquainted me with the fact that the supposed commissioner was an impostor who had never belonged to the regular corps at all, but was known to the police as a tipsy scoundrel who was a scandal to the body which he professed to represent, and interfered by his conduct with their just profits.

Having secured, by the help of X 22, a real commissioner, I forthwith proceeded on my way, and called on several of the Common Council. By some of these gentlemen I am bound to say I was treated with civility; but I observed a general disposition, on the part of those engaged in trade to look upon any one who entered their shops, except as a customer, with an eye of suspicion. Thus, Mr. Figges the grocer, who made me the politest of bows when I walked up to his counter in Little Chaffer Street, and who inquired, with a bland smile, what he could have the pleasure of doing for me, assumed a stern demeanour as soon as he saw my card, thrust his hands into his trousers-pockets, said he could make no promise, and resumed his ledger entries with the air of a man who was not to be trifled with.

The next name on my list was that of Mr. Jonathan Pluck, poultry salesman of Brazenhall Market. The intricate arrangement of lanes and alleys in that well-known emporium rendered it extremely difficult for even my experienced guide to find Mr. Pluck's establishment. I inquired my way of a burly youth in a blouse, who was lounging at his meat-stall.

'Which Mr. Pluck is it you want?' asked the butcher; 'the Dep-pity?'

'The *what*?' said I.

'The Dep-pity or the other? There's two of 'em, you know,' replied my informant, 'and one of 'em's a Dep-pity.'

'I think his Christian name is Jonathan,' I said, referring to my list.

'Ah, Jonathan; that is the Dep-pity. Keep straight down that row till you come to them baskets, then turn sharp round the right, and the second stall on the left hand is Dep-pity Pluck's.'

Thus directed I found the place, and sent up my card by a boy, who looked as if he had been playing at hide and seek in a feather-bed, and had forgotten to brush himself when he came out of it.

Presently Mr. Dep-pity Pluck sent down a message to the effect that if I wanted to see him particular I might come up.

I made the best of my way through baskets and hampers, and the mortal remains of geese and turkeys, which were lying about in all directions, up a narrow staircase to the counting-house above. I found the Dep-pity sitting on a high stool at his desk. He did not take the slightest notice of my entry till I said:

'Mr. Pluck, I believe?'

'That's my name,' said the Dep-pity. 'What's your business?'

'I've taken the liberty of calling on you, Mr. Pluck, in fulfilment of the promise which I made in my circular, and for the purpose of soliciting your—'

'I tell you what it is, young man,' said the Dep-pity, 'I ain't a going to give you no vote, and so you needn't ask for it. I've got your circ'lar, and I've got other circ'lars, and may be shall get some more still. Anyhow I shan't give no vote till the day of election; and then, when we have read the testimonials, we shall see who's who, and what you're all fit for. What I say is this: we want the best man we can get, and, in course, the best man ought to 'ave the place; that's my idea. Good-morning.'

'Good-morning, sir,' said I, and without further ado down I went.

My next visit was to a cornfactor, whose interest I had been especially recommended to secure. I was shown into his private room, and was beginning to explain my errand, when he interrupted me by sternly requesting that I would put on my hat.

'I beg your pardon,' said I, somewhat confused, 'I think you—'

'Put on your hat directly, sir, before you say a word further,' said the cornfactor, who from his dress, appeared to belong, to the Society of Friends.

I complied with his request, upon which he seemed pacified, and forthwith began a series of questions as to my age, experience, and qualifications; whether I was married, where I resided, and so forth. Having concluded this cross-examination, he paused for a few moments, and then informed me that he saw no reason to believe that I was not perfectly competent to discharge the duties of the office.

I thanked him for his courtesy, and, just as I was retiring, remarked that I was pleased to add his name to the list of my supporters.

'Eh?' said the cornfactor.

'I mean that I may reckon on your vote and interest?' I explained.

'I didn't say that,' said my farinaceous friend.

'I beg your pardon. Didn't I understand you to say that you thought I was quite eligible for the office of Assistant Vice-Compter and High Jinksman?'

'Certainly, sir,' said the cornfactor.

'And, under those circumstances, that your vote—'

'Ah! that's quite another matter,' coolly remarked the son of Ceres; 'I promised that to another candidate a week ago!'

This was a little too provoking, and I must confess I rushed downstairs in a very bad temper.

'Who's next on the list?' I asked the commissionaire, who was striking off the names of those Common Councilmen on whom I had called with a thick cedar pencil, which, ever and anon, he placed between his lips to make the marks more emphatic.

'Ennery Rasper, Hold King Street, Cripplegit,' said the man. 'Three minutes' walk from here.'

In three minutes we were at Mr. Rasper's shop, which I found to be that of an ironmonger. Mr. Rasper's young man inside, who, from being cringingly servile on my entrance, of course became impertinently familiar when he found what I wanted, informed me that the Guv'nor was out, and I'd better call again.

I asked what was the best time to see him.

'Well, that's more than I can tell

yer,' said Mr. Rasper's young man. 'Couldn't say esactly. When's the 'lection to come hon, and who's going to get it, him or t'other?' he continued, looking at the card.

'What do you mean by "him"?' I asked.

'Why, Dooberry,' said Mr. Rasper's young man.

'My name is Dewberry,' I said, with tremendous dignity.

'Is it really now?' said the young ironmonger, smiling. 'Why didn't you say so before? I dessay the Guv'nor's had his dinner by this time, and wouldn't mind seeing you since you've come yerself. Law bless me! I took you for one of them canvassing chaps a working by proxy, as they term it.'

'Have the goodness to present that card, with my compliments, to Mr. Rasper, and say that, if convenient, I should like to see him for a few minutes.'

The youth disappeared into a back room, and presently came back saying that the Guv'nor was agreeable and I might step in.

I found Mr. Rasper—a portly-looking person, somewhat over fifty—sitting at his table cracking nuts, with a bottle of sherry before him. I bowed to him on entering, and, as he did not rise or offer me a chair, I ventured to seat myself without invitation, for I had been on my feet all the morning, and, to say the truth, was ready to drop with fatigue.

'So you've come after this 'ere City bizness, I s'pose?' said Mr. R.

'I have,' said I, with as much patience as I could command.

'And what might your perfession be?' continued Mr. Rasper, carefully selecting one of the largest filberts in the dish.

'I am a conveyancing barrister, sir,' said I.

'Hah,' said my interrogator; 'that's a sort of lawyer, ain't it?'

I nodded.

'And a precious set of artful chaps you lawyers are.'

'Sir!' said I, rising.

'Keep your seat, Mr. Dooberry; there's no offence meant. I wasn't speaking of you in partic'lar, but of the profession in gen'ral.'

'It is a very honourable profession, sir,' said I. 'Have you anything to say against it?'

'Well, my chief objection to lawyers, Mr. Dooberry, is that they aint no use,' said the ironmonger, pouring himself out another glass of wine.

'Indeed, sir!' said I. 'It is lucky for us that every one is not of your opinion.'

'And what's more,' continued Mr. Rasper, without noticing my remark, 'what's more and what's wuss, we have to pay 'em for doing nothink.'

'Really, Mr. Rasper, I must beg that—'

'It's a fact, and no mistake. Six-and-eightpence here, and six-and-eightpence there; and what's done for the money?—that's what I want to know. To attending you in conference on so and so, thirteen four; writing to Messrs. Thingummy on such a matter, five bob; carefully perusing and making copy of the same, three six. That's the style, I tell you; I know 'em well. And what's the good of it all? Why, you're wuss off at the end than you was at the beginning.'

'Your experience of solicitors appears to have been unfortunate,' I said; 'but, in the first place, allow me to remark that I am *not* a solicitor, and—'

'I don't care. It's all the same,' said Mr. Rasper. 'One's as bad as another, if not wuss. I tell you what it is, sir, I'm a man of few words, and I wouldn't give a dump for the whole profession—no, not a dump.'

'Mr. Rasper,' said I, rising, 'I didn't come here to ask you for a dump—whatever you may mean by that expression—but for your vote. Am I to understand that you refuse it?'

'Mr. Dooberry,' replied the ironmonger, 'you're a lawyer, and that's quite enough for me. You may be one of the estimablest young men going; but, wearing the cloth you do, I wouldn't give you my vote—no, not if you was the Lord Chief Justice himself.'

I rushed back to Sloper in despair, and told him I couldn't endure this

sort of thing much longer. I felt that my time was being wasted; that I had been bothering my friends to no purpose; for how could their interest possibly avail me in such quarters as these? I had some notion of retiring from the contest at once, but was dissuaded from doing so by Sloper, who protested that these little rebuffs were nothing when you were used to them; that many of the Common Council who had behaved in this way might vote for me at the election; that I had put my hand to the plough, and must not look back; with a variety of other encouraging remarks, of which I saw the fallacy, but which I found difficult to answer. Finally, Mr. Sloper produced two magnificent cards of invitation—one bidding me to dine with the Worshipful Company of Kettle-menders at their hall, that day week; and the other requesting the pleasure of my company, a few days later, on board the 'Sarah Jane,' a Thames barge, which was to be towed up the river under the charge of an 'Improvement Committee,' in a festive manner, *i. e.*, with a sumptuous déjeuner, music and dancing, &c. &c.

Mr. Sloper confided to me that these would be capital opportunities for me to make the acquaintance and secure the interest of his City friends. Accordingly, I attended on both occasions. At the dinner I had the honour of being introduced to several distinguished Kettle-menders, as a candidate for the civic appointment to which I have already referred. If the amount of wine which I was invited to drink with each and all of these gentlemen (many of whom were members of the Common Council) could be regarded as an evidence of their good feeling towards me, I had every reason to hope for their support. After the banquet was removed, several eloquent speeches were made, in which certain facetious allusions to the ancient name of the Guild were received with rapture. Thus Mr. Blenkinsop, who remarked that, although generally diffident as a public speaker, he could never feel averse to *spout* on behalf of the Kettle-menders; that the duty of

every member of that respected body was to keep the *pot* boiling, and that as kettles never boiled without singing, he could not but feel grateful to the gifted vocalists who during dessert had charmed the present company with their music that evening, &c., &c.—Mr. Blenkinsop, I say, in uttering these genial sentiments, was vociferously cheered; and I, on my part, being suddenly called on to return thanks on behalf of the legal profession, found myself perpetrating an atrocious pun, in which kettles and the *Grate Bar* of England (so inadequately represented by a junior member like myself), were ingeniously associated, to the infinite delight of the company.

As for the Thames excursion, it was rendered doubly enjoyable by the presence of ladies who, if they danced more vigorously and imbibed more champagne on board the 'Sarah Jane' than is usual in aristocratic circles, were nevertheless very charming and agreeable. Indeed I think an 'Improvement Committee' is one of the most sensible institutions of municipal government—though what they improve, except themselves and the occasion of these festivities in the way of eating and drinking, I have yet to learn.

These, however, were but the *dies festi*—brief intervals of pleasure—in a long and weary period of bother and anxiety. I felt so much indebted to Sloper for the kind interest which he had shown in my behalf, that I thought myself bound to go on with my canvass, although I was convinced from the first that I had not a chance of success. Day by day I loaded my pockets with cards to leave on butchers, bakers, and, to complete the old triplet, for aught I know, on candlestick-makers too. Day by day I endured the same impertinences, until really it seemed to me that, to find a Common Councilman polite, was to find a very uncommon Councilman indeed. As for the Deppities (as they insisted on calling themselves), they were rather worse than the rest. I am writing of events, you see, which happened many years ago, since

which time most communities have undergone a change. We have less faggings in our public schools; we have no bribery at parliamentary elections; and the custom of bullying young ensigns in the army has been voted snobbish. I make no doubt that, with this advanced state of things, the Civic Corporation of London has also learned better manners, and that when a gentleman presents himself as a candidate for a City appointment, they treat him with respect, or at least with civility. For nothing is more offensive than that sort of ill-breeding which presents itself 'drest in a little brief authority,' be it municipal or otherwise.

Well, I laboured on, threading my way through the perplexing labyrinths of Cripplegate Within and Without, exploring the remote regions of Portsoken, scouring (the busy thoroughfares of Candlewick and Castle Baynard, traversing systematically the great ward of Farringdon, or diving down at haphazard on the coal wharves of Queenhithe, now descending into some basement office in Langbourn, now mounting up the flights of stairs into the attic chambers of Dowgate, ferreting out queer old counting-houses by the river-side, and dropping cards into mysterious letter-boxes which seemed never destined to be emptied. Such was my occupation for at least a fortnight, during which time I seemed to go over about ten miles of ground every day. Whenever I caught a Common Councilman I asked him for his vote (which he usually declined to promise). Whenever I didn't find him at home, I left a card. At last they were all distributed, and the day of election drew near.

It was an exciting moment, when one fine May morning I found myself in Guildhall, awaiting my fate in the presence of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, and the august Corporation of this ancient city. The statue of George III. in tight pantaloons confronted me at one end of the room; behind me was a picture of the Siege of Gibraltar in 1781, with Lord Heath-

field capering on horseback in the foreground; on the left was represented the atrocious murder of David Rizzio, which the Princess Charlotte calmly contemplated from her frame, over the way. These works of art, in addition to the portraits of Lord Denman, and Alderman Boydell in a fat white waistcoat, inspired me with an awe which I can never forget.

The ordinary business of the day had first to be transacted, after which, about two p.m., there was a good deal of hubbub, and I heard a whisper of 'election' running round the room. I at once detected my rival candidates by the nervous manner in which they were pulling out their watches every other minute, rubbing their hands together convulsively, and wiping their foreheads.

Perhaps I distinguished myself by similar symptoms. Perhaps I looked hot and flustered. Perhaps I showed a certain amount of indecision as to whether the lowest button of my waistcoat should or should not be buttoned. Jack Easel, who was present, says I did; but these are details concerning which I cannot tax my memory. All I know is, that at last an imposing-looking gentleman who sat immediately under the Lord Mayor, and whose costume seemed to convey the notion that he acted in the double capacity of state coachman and parish beadle, rapped loudly on the table with a wooden hammer, and forthwith up jumped one of my professional brethren from the opposite benches, and formally opened the proceedings by declaring the office of Assistant Vice-Comptroller and High-Jinksman vacant, and reading out the name of each candidate.

Then we all had to appear like

culprits at the bar of the hall, and present our several petitions, 'humbly shewing that, &c. &c.'

This ceremony ended, the legal gentleman again arose, and announced that the office of Assistant Vice-Comptroller and High-Jinksman being vacant, three gentlemen had presented themselves as candidates in due and proper form, viz.:—Josiah Wentworth Gibbs, clerk, of No. 5, Upper Craven Street, Todbury Square; William Henry Hunter, solicitor, of 98, Adelphi Terrace, Strand; and Richard Dewberry, barrister-at-law, of Dumbleton Buildings, Temple. After some further formalities he went on to request that those members of the Corporation present who were of opinion that Josiah Wentworth Gibbs was a fit and proper person to fill the office aforesaid, would be pleased to signify their assent in the usual manner.

'Now for it, old boy,' whispered Jack; and up went about a hundred hands. The same formula was repeated in the case of Mr. Hunter, with a similar result.

Then came the awful words, 'Those who are for Richard Dewberry.'—

'Hullo,' said Jack, 'how's this?'

We counted thirteen hands in all. Of these, five were raised by Aldermen, and my good friend Sloper had held up *two* on his own account.

'By Jove, just a baker's dozen!' cried Jack. 'Never mind; better luck next time. And now it's all over, don't you think we'd better go out and get some beer?'

'By all means,' said I; and out we went.

It was a bitter draught—but wondrously refreshing.

DICK DEWBERRY.



[illegible]



Drawn by Florence Clayton and K. L.]

CAPTAIN BOB'S FAREWELL TO HIS SWORD.

[See the Verse.]

CAPTAIN BOB'S (H.M. 210TH, THE IMPROVISED REGIMENT)
FAREWELL TO HIS SWORD.

TOMKINS! hand me down the sabre
I have worn thistmany a year,
Reverently unhook the swivels,
Ballless place the weapon here.

Oh! Excalibur—my trusty,
Proved in many another clime,
Steel thyself for heavy tidings,
Steel thee for my heavier rhyme.

Though as yet no rust comes to
Mar thy hanger or thy skin—
Though as yet no eye of Columbus
Thine those sweat looks of mine.

Though no martial Crosswell Crosswell
Rule divorce between us twain—
Never more in camp or quarters
Shall we company again.

Never more the morn of battle
Shall take back its youngest beam,
From the sedition of my war-glance,
From the bridge of thy gleam.

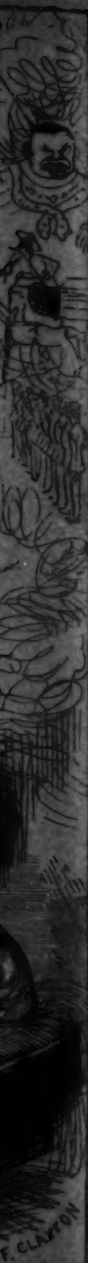
From the morn of my war-glance,
From the bridge of thy gleam,
From the morn of my war-glance,
From the bridge of thy gleam.

With the blood of Frank or Dutch,
Blood of Persia or Japan,
Never more from bosom of Tarsus,
Spring on John, the Ukkaman.

Not for us, in every quarters,
Clanking down the sea parade,
Captains thoughts of admiration
From the son of every grade.

Not for us those broken accents—
'Lee! Jemima! Marianne!'
'Here he is!' 'He said!' 'What whiskers!'
'Gracious!' 'Oh—you naughty man!'

Gone, too, days of soft freedom,
And my only comfort springs
From the 'loved and lost' idea
Which the Post Laureate sings.





Drawn by Florence Chalmers and K. L.

CAPTAIN BOB'S FAREWELL TO HIS SWORD.

(See Opp. Victor.)

CAPTAIN BOB'S (H.M. 210TH, THE IMPECUNIOUS REGIMENT)
FAREWELL TO HIS SWORD.

TOMKINS! hand me down the sabre
I have worn this many a year,
Reverently unhook the swivels,
Beltless place the weapon here.

Oh! Excalibur—my trusty,
Proved in many another clime,
Steel thyself for heavy tidings,
Steel thee for my heavier rhyme.

Though as yet no rust corrosive
Mar thy temper or thy shine;
Though as yet no dye Columbian
Tint these russet locks of mine;

Though no martial Cresswell Cresswell
Rule divorce betwixt us twain—
Never more in camp or quarters
Shall we company again.

Never more the morn of battle
Shall take back its youngest beam,
From the ardour of my war-glance,
From the hunger of thy gleam.

Never more, in doughty conflict,
Trenchant we, with cut and thrust
Shall example make of foemen—
Shall incarnadine the dust

With the blood of Russ or Maori,
Blood of Persia or Japan,
Never more from heaps of Pandies,
Spring on John, the Chinaman.

Not for us, in cosy quarters,
Clanking down the sea parade;
Copious draughts of admiration
From the sex of every grade;

Not for us these broken accents—
'Lor! Jemima!' 'Marianne!'
'Here he is!' 'Be quiet!' 'What whiskers!'
'Gracious!' 'Oh!—you naughty man!'

Gone, too, days of mufti freedom,
And my only comfort springs
From the 'loved and lost' idea
Which the Poet Laureate sings;

Captain Bob's Farewell to his Sword.

When I stalked the wily red deer
 On the Grampians, never dry—
 Potted seals near Corryvrechan,
 Tigers in the dusk Terai ;

Moose in deep Canadian forest,
 Cockatoos in far Rangoon,
 'Cut them down' at grassy Melton,
 'Showed the way' at Deyrah Doon ;

Quested in the Moorish desert
 Bristling boar and wilding sow,
 Hobb'd and nobb'd with scowling Arabs,
 Milked the Ishmaelitish cow—

In the Vale of Sweetest Waters,
 Lounging, Franklike, up and down,
 Sought the Odalisque's soft glances,
 Reckless of the Paynim's frown ; ;

Rode the drunk and darkling Pasha,
 Caught near St. Sophia's tower,
 Right across, though fierce and jibbing,
 To the quarter of the Giaour.

Fenced at Tattenham's sharp corner
 With the chaff of shrill Cockaigne,
 Played the nephew to Aunt Sally,
 Played the man with Todd's champagne.

Played the devil for a season
 With the bank near Baden's spring—
 When I pipped that duffer Brittles
 Underneath the liver wing.

And perhaps the flaccid Begum
 Of Belattee-pawnee-pore
 Might supply a stirring passage
 In these memories of yore ;

How my haughty Norman 'sang pur'
 Scorned to share barbaric state
 With the bang and betel languor
 Of a copper-coloured mate.

But away these thoughts! Old comrade,
 Askest thou, 'Must this be so?
 'All this terrible bouleversement?
 Is it "kismet"?—Must I go?

'Must I go?' Yea, on the morrow,
Crawley Shrieker—odious snob!—
Shall exult in reading, 'Shrieker
To be Captain vice Bob!'

(Eight and twenty hundred sovereigns
Did the sordid wretch propose
As the price of my position,
But the duns said, 'Capting, close'.)



'Rode the drunk and darkling Pasha,
Caught near St. Sophia's tower—'

Is it kismet? Is it kismet
That an economic law
Calls for some remote proportion
'Twixt the credit and the 'draw?'

Captain Bob's Farewell to his Sword.

Is it kismet that the stipend
Which the British captain wins,
Just can find him in potatoes
(Not, of course, including skins)?

That the firm of Bell and Rennie
Book the liquor that one sips?
That the primest weed of Hudson
Turns to ashes on the lips?

That the tiny bit of paper
Seedlike, sown in Chancery Lane,
Shall spring up, a baleful upas,
When this moon begins to wane?

Shade of Adam Smith! the Budget
Hcodwinks us from year to year,
Mumbling rags and bones and paper,
Sniffing at the poor man's beer;

Cheats us with that dreamy surplus
I, for one, can never find,
Kicking up, with noisy jargon,
Learned dust to make us blind.

Give me some great sweeping measure,
Gladstone, thou art many-phrased—
Call it 'Everything-for-Nothing—
And-all-ancient-scores-erased.'

Let us borrow from our brothers
Of the whittle and the knife,
That grand thought, 'Repudiation,'
And adapt to private life—

Burn the books of cheap Emmanuel,
Let my compt with Cox be burned,
Oh! pervert Poole's awful figures—
Oh! let Israel's heart be turned—

Let my 'kite' that pines imprisoned
In the usurer's vile den,
Soar away to purest ether,
Never to be caught again;

Take away that horrid vision
Seen by day and felt by night,
Eagle-nosed, against the railings—
Moses Nibbs—'Out, damned sight!'

Be thyself: do something, Gladstone,
Give me straw to make my bricks,
Or—(ha! not a bad idea)—!
Let the nation pay my ties!

How shall I bestow thee, Tulwar?
Shall I, by this blinding tear
Dwarf thee from the soldier's weapon
To the toy of Volunteer?

Prancing on a venal hackney,
Purchased with the grocer's gains,
Wave thee in the mimic warfare
Of the Wimbledonian plains?

Or shall owl-eyed Tomkins take thee,
Like Sir Bedivere of yore,
To the Serpentine's still river,
There upon the moonlit shore

Thrice, around his shaggy forehead
Whirl thee, naked of thy sheath,
Then bestow thee on the waters,
And the awful things beneath—

Whiles that I, a hansom chartered
At the solemn midnight hour,
Take my way to grey Westminster,
There, beneath the reverend tower,

Change my clothes, and leave them bundled
On the bridge's buttress near;
Then to Folkestone, by the railway,
And to calm Boulogne-sur-Mer?

Yes, I will—by Jove! I'll do it,
There, *perdu*, I'll lie content
Till Aunt Muff departs and leaves me
Something snug at five per cent.

Meanwhile, all the river dragsmen
Shall with zeal and vigour try
To discover the location
Where my guilty remnants lie.

Meanwhile all the city hawkers
Shall in accents hoarse relate
'Ow as debt have been 'is rewing,
'Sew-i-céide 'is hofle fate.'

Captain Bob's Farewell to his Sword.

And the press shall point a moral,
Whereat kindly souls shall sob;
And all Israel shall mourn the
Tragic end of Captain Bob!

L. W. M. L.



'Ow as debt have been is rowing.'

THE
[Faint, illegible text follows in several paragraphs, appearing to be a letter or a report.]

HEAL AND SONS
[Faint, illegible text follows, possibly a signature or address.]